# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1874

3D EVERY THURSDAY


**PARSONS AND POLITICS** by The Editor

**HOME GUARDS HANDLE DEATH**

**WE MUST HIT OUR HARDEST NOW!** By A.G.G.

You need to get the greatest goodness—the utmost nourishment—out of every drop of milk to-day. Here is the way to do it. When you use milk as a drink, remember cocoa helps the milk to do you even more good. Your doctor will tell you that cocoa is a food in itself. And you know how the children love it! If you want your milk and money to go further—your meals to be even more nourishing—remember BOURNVILLE.

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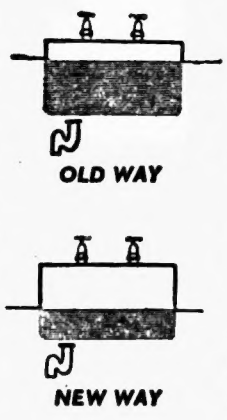


What you do is this: You make a lather with water straight from the hot tap and Rinso. You make only enough suds just to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down. The less water you use, the less Rinso you'll need.

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MRS 2A-9-55

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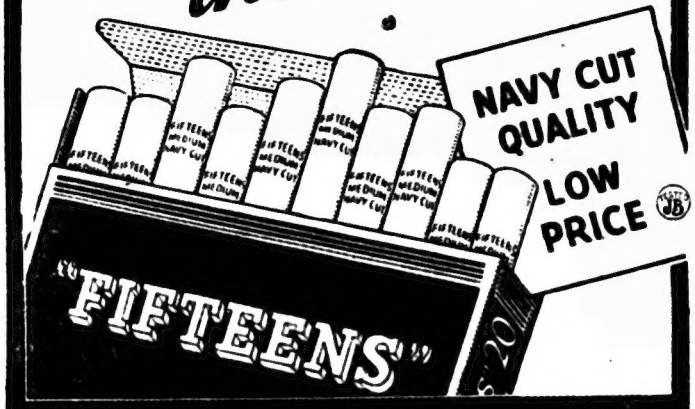


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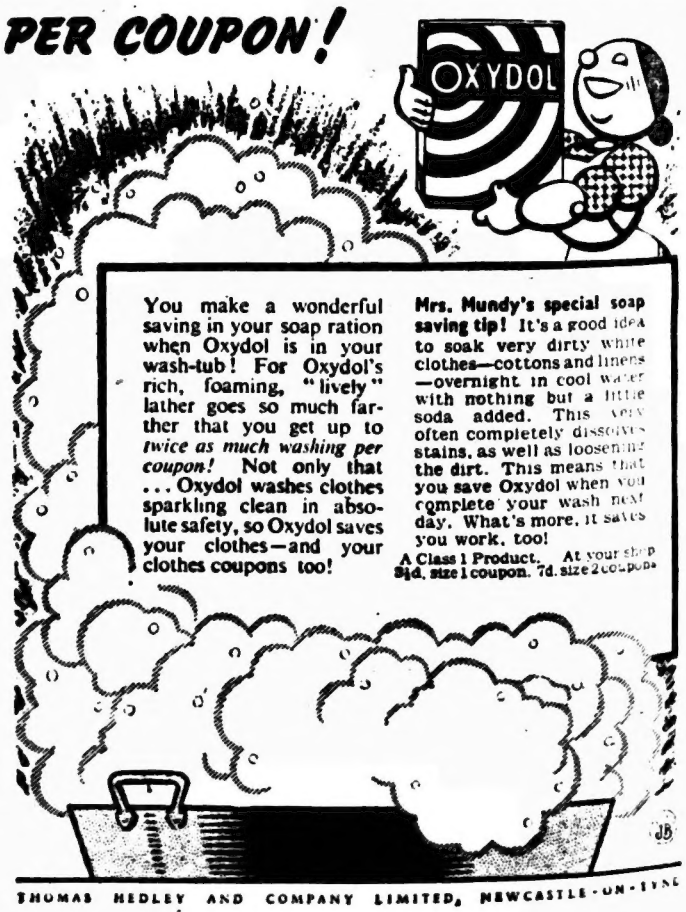


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# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 16, 1942, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# OFFENSIVE BEGINS

TRIBUTE is overdue to the R.A.F.'s day-and-night attacks.

Its men are waging war on a scale never equalled by the *Luftwaffe*.

It is an offensive in itself. Its success may be gauged by the enemy's squeals. And it will grow ever greater.

## Thousand a Night

"If I could send a thousand bombers to Germany every night," declares the chief of Bomber Command, "it would end the war by the autumn."

**But all our bombers cannot yet be concentrated against Germany.**

Calls for air protection and assistance are coming from many directions. Some dispersal of our strength along other sectors of the World Front is inevitable.

## Build and Bomb

Therefore, we need still more 'planes. Air Marshal Harris should get his "thousand a night."

**We should build not only armadas of bombers, but fleets of fighters. Moreover, we need long-range torpedo-carrying aircraft to hunt the U-boats.**

Coastal Command's work has been as important as any. Its full requirements must be met.

## Face the Facts

The U-boat menace is serious and grim. It cannot be eased by airy assurances from people who must know the facts, but prefer to blink them.

Figures of our shipping losses are not published each month. There is thus the risk that the public may be misled by wishful assurances.

The fact is that though we are chasing the U-boats wherever they appear, our shipping strength is still strained.

## Heartening

But shipping losses are not all on our side.

**Though reinforcements are reaching Rommel, an increasing toll is being levied on the supply ships that set out to run the British gauntlet in the Mediterranean nights.**

Official figures, just released, show that since Italy entered the war over 1,250,000 tons of Axis shipping have been sunk in the Mediterranean alone!

Hitler can afford to lose ships even less than he can afford the loss of so many bombers that have sought to exact "reprisals" from our smaller cities.

## It's a Long Way

Our ships have farther to travel. Besides bringing materials to Britain and taking arms to Russia, we must send supply ships to the Middle East, India and Ceylon.

It is 6,000-odd miles from London to Cape Town. From the Cape, our ships must go on another 4,358 miles to Colombo, or 4,604 to Bombay, or nearly 4,000 miles to Suez.

Such journeys need a lot of vessels!

## Offensive Pivot

Thus shipping is the big problem of the military offensive so often promised nowadays by our Ministers.

**We must have more ships to carry our land forces to join the R.A.F. in the war against Hitler.**

## Initiative

We have the men. They are impatient to go. We have the weapons. They have proved their worth in Russia. We have at last the spirit of initiative. That is shown by the Madagascar coup.

Madagascar is essential for the defence of South Africa and India. It is essential for the safety of our shipping lanes.

Chief factor of our success was three months' careful planning. It made further demands on our shipping—and will continue to do so.

## Key Point

Who holds Madagascar holds the key to the Indian Ocean and East Africa.

**We have seized the key just in time. For we must now roll up the map of Burma and unroll the map of India.**

## China Marches

The Chinese are disappointed with us because we could not hold Burma.

They know our troops fought with incomparable bravery. They are not satisfied, nor are we, that our troops received the support they needed from London.

But China does not sulk. She launches a new offensive; her men are within sight of Nanking.

## Wake Up and Plan!

Corregidor's gallant stand and inevitable fall has shaken the American public to full appreciation of the tasks ahead.

China's gallantry should awaken Britain to a realistic appreciation of a great ally.

We should resolve to make the unity of the United Nations a fact instead of a phrase.

## Fourth Arm

For not even 'planes, ships and the offensive spirit will win us victory at the earliest moment and at the cheapest cost.

**There must be joint planning by Britain, the Soviet Union, China, and the United States.**

There must be single planning by British air, sea and land forces.

## Combine and Attack

Another Debate in the Lords and a campaign in the Press give support to JOHN BULL'S demand for a Combined General Staff.

Only if the three Services think, plan and act as one shall we be able to attack with the utmost effectiveness and economy.

## At the Top

Lord Hankey, who knows more of strategy than a score of Ministers put together, has again driven home this point of elementary common-sense.

**"The weaknesses of our present system," he says, "are at the top."**

## Casting Vote

He knows that these weaknesses could be overcome by a Combined Planning Staff with an independent chairman.

Or, as Field-Marshal Lord Milne expresses it, "a common-sense chairman."

**Such an organisation would be superior to that of the enemy.**

## Hitler Blunders

It was because the Germans failed to plan with all the knowledge available that Hitler perpetrated so many mistakes.

Lord Hankey cites six blunders:

The Battle of Britain. Treachery and then open attack against Russia. Failure to win the summer campaign. Failure to prepare a winter campaign. The *Bismarck's* lone expedition. Cruelty to the conquered peoples.

## We Can Learn

Such blunders showed poor planning or bad psychology.

We displayed inadequate planning in Norway, Flanders, Crete, Libya and the Far East.

**We can best show we have learned from our mistakes, we can best prevent any repetition of them, by perfecting our planning organisation.**

## Total War

Not merely should we have a joint naval, military and air staff under its own chief.

We must not rest until the whole effort of the United Nations is co-ordinated in like manner.

Total world war must be waged on a total world scale.

## Piecemeal

There are not separate campaigns in Russia and Libya. India's defence is as integral a part of our duty as the defence of Britain. The R.A.F. offensive is an important factor in the defence of Moscow and Leningrad.

To believe otherwise is to treat the war in piecemeal fashion—and piecemeal methods have lost us rich territories and valuable bases.

## World-Wide

No, there is only one front—the World Front.

**There is only one possible plan for victory—a world plan.**

There is only one guarantee of success—a world-wide disposition of forces and a world-wide use of resources.

In short, we must unite and co-operate to win peace—and then remain united to build a new world!

## Summing Up

The United Nations' strength is overwhelming. If it is fully employed and shrewdly applied, the Axis will snap.

**More ships. More aircraft. Determination to attack. Joint planning!**

These are the weapons needed for the decisive blow.

*(Continued overleaf)*

# WHY LAVAL WAITS

**It was easy for Pétain, Laval and Darlan to let the defenders of Madagascar die for the benefit of the Axis.**

**But Hitler demands more from his French quislings. He wants Vichy France to fight for him at other places than Diego-Suarez.**

**Vichy would certainly make war on Britain if that did not mean war also with the U.S.—a certainty which makes even Laval hesitate.**

**"The final breach will not come from us," he has told the Americans with false pathos.**

**Why not? Not only because he fears French public opinion. Not only because he would lose French Guiana and the French West Indies.**

**Not only because of the powerful ships now disarmed at Martinique—an aircraft carrier with 500 unused American 'planes on board, two cruisers and other vessels—which would fall into Allied hands.**

**But chiefly because of the GOLD owned by the Bank of France: £250,000,000 in New York, £50,000,000 hoarded in the vaults of Fort-de-France, Martinique.**

**Men like Laval are always ready to sacrifice France's honour.**

**But not her bullion.**

# HOW TO GET MORE COAL

**The Coal Board urged by JOHN BULL is almost certain to be set up shortly.**

**For rationing alone will not solve the fuel problem. There must be economy. But there must also be far greater output.**

**More coal can be raised if modern methods are used in the mines. Modern methods will not be adopted by private owners.**

**There must be Government reorganisation and Government improvement of the mines.**

**Some should be shut down. Others should have their richest seams developed *now* for the benefit of the community—not left for development *after* the war for the benefit of a selfish few.**

**This organisation must be made without regard to the tender feelings and avid pockets of private interests.**

**Coal is a national possession. It was not deposited by the owners. It must not be worked for the sake of the owners' profits.**

**Eventually, it should be nationalised. There is not time for that now. Meanwhile, State control must be comprehensive and strict.**

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

NOT general, unfortunately, is the "new spirit of equality and comradeship" of which Cripps speaks.

The other day a woman motored from Lincoln to London to buy an eight-guinea pot of face cream. The biggest she could buy was priced £3 17s. 6d.

**And she told the shopgirl "her day had been wasted."**

## Bargain Price!

There is quite a rush on the London shops for phials of scent, small enough for the handbag, at 37s. 6d. each.

Not much austerity about that, you may think.

**Austerity will not become general until the Government stops the luxury trade entirely.**

## It Makes Us Cross

This should be done for a bigger reason than the release of non-essential workers and shop assistants. After all, luxury trades are small-scale affairs.

**But luxuries for the few have a big psychological effect on the many who are pulling their full weight in the war.**

## Early Harvest

So, too, must every kind of profiteering be stopped—even when it is practised in a petty way by private citizens.

An airman's wife and her family, three persons in all, pay 35s. a week for two furnished rooms in Cheltenham.

The landlady has told them to get out because she can find bed-and-breakfast boarders for the season at 10s. a night.

## He Feels the Cold

Nor will you sympathise with the country parson who writes to the Press that, as his house has no gas or electricity, he usually burns *forty tons* of coal a year

Now his household of five is restricted to eight hundredweight a month, and he complains of inequality.

**Were he one of those old folk who could get only one hundredweight a month in the bitterest weather, he might have something to complain about.**

## Comfortable Exile

Again, the Austrian Youth Organisation cannot complain if we suggest that it should practise a little austerity in the land in which it has found refuge.

It will soon hold an "old Austrian wine party" in London's Mayfair. Tickets, 21s. each. And guests are invited to order bottles of wine in advance—at 15s. 6d. a bottle.

## Fit for Pigs

Those who have to be content with humbler meals must often marvel at the waste of food in teashops.

A customer leaves half a meal—meat rissole, beans, potatoes. The waitress scoops up the plate, empties on to it the cigarette-ends and burnt matches from the ashtray on the table. Result: the uneaten food is wasted.

**It should go to feed the pigs. Why is there no regular collection of food scrap from cafés and restaurants?**

## Light Weight

On the other hand, a Coventry reader complains that there is both too much and too little economy in evidence.

An aircraft worker by day, an A.R.P. volunteer by night, he had to cease work because his health broke down.

His wife went to the relieving officer, answered numerous questions, and received a food voucher worth 21s. to feed four persons for a week.

## Odious Comparison

It allows no meat. It does make provision for six loaves of bread—just over 6 oz. per person a day.

But as our reader comments bitterly, a Japanese internee in the Isle of Man is given 12 oz. of bread, 3½ oz. of meat, 6 oz. of vegetables, 16 oz. of potatoes, and rations of tea, sugar, margarine, oatmeal, peas, beans and rice.

## Impossible!

Moreover, JOHN BULL declares that the most clever dietician of the Ministry of Health would find it impossible to restore a sick man to health, keep a woman and two growing children in health, on a food voucher worth 21s. a week.

**Relief rates should be stepped up to meet the higher cost of living!**

## Forgotten Men

More than a year ago a group of men in Banffshire registered for work of national importance. Not one is in a reserved job; all are still waiting for war work.

How many more, we wonder, have been forgotten by the employment exchanges?

## State Subsidy

And how many are paid for nothing? One man, registered as a dock worker, actually receives a State dole for looking after his own business.

He keeps a shop in the suburbs. But every morning he turns up at London docks, joins the end of the queue of genuine dockers, waits until all the jobs have been filled, then comes forward for his book to be stamped as proof that he failed to find employment.

## Tighten Up!

That qualifies him for 10s. a day. He gets away at about 9 a.m., is excused afternoon attendance because he lives in the suburbs, and thus has all day free to manage his shop.

**Mr. Bevin's "guaranteed week" for dockers was a just and belated reform. But its opportunities for dodgers are unfair to the great majority of hard-working dockers and an imposition on the public that foots the bill.**

## Freedom for the Young

An older scandal may soon be ended. So we may hope from Lord Luke's statement on the long hours worked by student nurses in training hospitals.

But not only the very young nurses should be given a better deal.

**It is a blot on the voluntary hospital system that so many nurses are required to work twelve hours a night for six nights a week.**

## Martinet Matrons

It is an insult to the capable women of an honourable profession that, even when off-duty, they are treated as potentially naughty children and subjected to vexatious and humiliating restrictions.

True, war conditions have gained them some concession. But not enough!

## No Pension, of Course!

Similarly, concessions wrung from the Ministry of Pensions have by no means eased the indignation previously aroused.

**One youth of twenty, passed Grade II, served in the Army for only sixty days, was then discharged, entered a sanatorium, and died seventeen months later.**

Of course, the mother cannot obtain a pension for the son's sixty days' service.

## Both Ways

But it does not dispose of the matter to say that the fault rests with the doctors who passed him for military service. If he was deemed healthy on enlistment, then the State should take responsibility if he breaks down during training.

Not even the State can have it both ways.

## P.T. Punishment

Generally, however, military training improves a man's health. One qualification is suggested by this order to a H.Q. unit:

"Any N.C.O. or man who falls out on P.T. parade will be awarded P.T. for one hour nightly for seven nights."

Now, the men concerned are not A.1. Is it wise that graded men who have to fall out of a training parade should have the strain increased?

## Pen-Pushers

There should be still greater economies in Army administration.

**A single Army clerk must cost the country hundreds of pounds a year in transport, employment of postal workers, despatch riders, 'phone operators, and so on.**

A whole day's work could often be done in an hour if non-essentials were omitted.

## Time Saving

The time thus saved should be devoted to training in the clerical work that men will have to tackle in active operations.

When the fate of a battalion may depend on one clerk's ability to transfer orders to paper, it won't help him much to know that the Army requires such-and-such a form to be completed in quintuplicate, or that if he wants a supply of so-and-so he must type six copies of his application instead of one.

## Experience Unwanted

No pen-pusher is a man who was in the Navy during the last war, and in this one was master of a fully equipped fire-fighting and attendance ship until it was transferred to the North.

So he applied for the post of fire guard officer in a Welsh town.

**Instead, the job has gone to a farmer who is already rates collector and housing officer. The experienced man is still on the "dole."**

## Turned Down Flat

Which reminds us of a cook to a large London institution who volunteered for the A.T.S. as a cook.

She has been rejected—because she has flat feet.

## Human Lumber!

After that, you won't be surprised to hear that a British lumberjack was sent to the R.A.S.C. to drive Army trucks.

Failing to make a good driver, he is now cleaning billets.

**Yet we need lumberjacks. Thousands have been brought over from Canada and Newfoundland. Why use our own strong men as charwomen?**

## Dodging

Next question is prompted by a shop manager who tells us that two Cypriots in his employ threw up their jobs rather than do fire-watching.

One had been evacuated here from Gibraltar, the other from Malta. Both are fit men.

Why should they be allowed to dodge the duties willingly undertaken by our unfit citizens?

## Fixed

Now that the Board of Trade has intervened to stop the ramp in second-hand furniture dealing, it should complete the good work by fixing maximum prices for all necessities.

**The present piecemeal policy does little to discourage the profiteers. Directly one kind of goods is controlled, they switch their attention to another that is still uncontrolled.**

President Roosevelt's way should be followed here. Instead of controlling one article at a time, he has by one stroke of the pen fixed prices for a thousand various articles.

## Troubles End

We must congratulate the Board of Trade on one point.

A firm complained to us of a coupon difficulty, and we contacted the Board of Trade.

An official was at once sent to the firm and the trouble has been cleared up. If we can help you, let us know!

# Behind the News

- **New sub-machine-gun invented by young Australian is very light, 90 per cent. cheaper than Tommy-guns, has gone into mass production.**
- *Manufacture of Italian rocket 'plane, which Axis boasted would drive Allies out of the skies, has been discontinued. Speed, range and fighting qualities all proved inferior.*
- Admiral Raeder admits that deadliest U-boat danger is the British corvette. It is being launched faster than any other warship.
- **Now it can be revealed that before Japs reached Singapore we removed more than million tons of rubber and destroyed all factories.**
- *Allied value of machine tools, excluding Russian, now exceeds* £40,000,000 per month—*much greater than total Axis production.*
- Latest Nazi propaganda in French ports to explain defeat of *Bismarck* and *Graf von Spee* is that British forged orders from Hitler to scuttle the ships.
- **Rumanian Antonescu is in trouble with Berlin. He refuses to send more troops to Russia unless present battered remnants are first withdrawn and rested.**
- *Barbers in Occupied Europe have to surrender hair clippings under penalty of heavy fines. These sweepings are used for ersatz cloth. Pets and horses must be kept short-clipped.*
- While European diseases increase, there is now only one doctor for 15,000 civilians, against pre-war one for 2,000. Others work overtime on Nazi casualties.
- **After Hitler's "No leave" broadcast, German workers were ordered to work fourteen hours a day in the week and twelve on Sunday, women only two hours less.**
- *Another Nazi man-power sidelight—Total Axis factory man-power is* 26,000,000 *against* 183,000,000 *producing for the United Nations.*

*Without Fear or Favour* *By the Editor*

# PARSONS and POLITICS

LONG before this war started there was much talk of the so-called "decline" in the religious life of the country. To what extent this word was justified is a matter of opinion, but it is a fact that congregations for public worship had become smaller.

Nor can it be denied that the churches and the chapels had lost something of their former influence upon the community.

It was commonly argued that the last war had undermined the faith of many previously orthodox believers and changed the outlook of millions of others—for the worse.

But, if this were true, who was to blame?

JOHN BULL *takes the view that in war lies the greatest opportunity for virile leadership of all kinds.*

*We believe that the Churches failed the people rather than that the people failed the Churches. They did not supply the leadership that was expected of them.*

With some notable exceptions, the clergy and the ministry were satisfied to preach respectable sermons to respectable congregations.

Most of them were heartily in agreement with the all too popular dictum that "Parsons shouldn't meddle in politics."

JOHN BULL maintains a precisely opposite view. We believe that it is an essential part of every good parson's job to preach and to practise honest social, as well as religious, doctrines.

*It is monstrous to suggest that religious leaders should acquiesce in social injustice; that they should shut their eyes to the slum and the ill-nourished child, turn deaf ears to the plaints of the old, the sick and the needy, and pass by on the other side of the street, where the workless queue used to wait its weary turn at the Employment Exchange.*

★ ★ ★

SOME eminent members of the Church itself are alive to this.

Only the other day the Bishop of St. Albans told his diocesan conference that the Church had failed to give spiritual and moral leadership because it had not the courage to stand by its convictions.

And Dr. Garbett, Archbishop-Elect of York, looks forward with vision to a new order in which the stress will be laid on the services rendered to the community rather than on benefits to be drawn from it.

Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, evidently agrees in this, and we regard it as a matter of first-class importance that there should be a growing company of public men who are resolved to implement the people's overwhelming desire for a better and happier world of their own making and within their own generation.

There is nothing essentially new in the Primate's "social charter" — and certainly nothing which decent, kindly folk, of any religious persuasion or of none, have not long desired.

**But here at least is a positive lead from the foremost Churchman of the land. He has committed himself positively to most of those reforms which JOHN BULL has been urging, in season and out of season, during the whole course of its existence.**

What are we and the Archbishop asking for? Nothing but decent homes for all, good food for every child, equal educational opportunities for all, work for every willing worker, reasonable leisure time, fair holidays with pay, and, in essence, a just recognition of the worker's partnership in industry.

Neither Dr. Temple nor any other man has it in his personal power to satisfy these simple human needs, and, as we may remind our readers, there is a big difference between tabulating good aims and securing their fulfilment.

Nevertheless, we, as a free community, must agree upon our main objectives before we can even start the fight for them.

JOHN BULL therefore feels it necessary to challenge and deny the argument recently put forward by another dignitary of the Church, Dr. Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester, that now is *not* the time to plan and work for a better Britain.

In this page only last week we said that the *intelligent* representatives of all sections of the community are wakening to the fact that "what we can achieve in time of war must be capable of achievement in time of peace."

Dr. Headlam will have none of this.

On the contrary, he says that all intelligent people are far too busy trying to win the war, and it is only "the idealists, the faddists, the progressists, or whatever one may call them," who are concerned at present with post-war reconstruction.

**What arrant and arrogant rubbish this is! If the Bishop of Gloucester were right, then President Roosevelt is chief among the faddists, and most of our own leading statesmen could be dismissed as time-wasting visionaries.**

The truth is that there are too many reactionaries in the Churches themselves, far too many purely professional men who, whether they realise it or not, have a vested interest in "the old order" and the assured livelihood and privileged social position with which it provided them.

Most reforms should begin at home, and JOHN BULL would welcome any strong lead in the Established Church to secure two things: First, something much nearer equality in the pay of the clergy; and, secondly, something more selective in the choice of candidates for ordination.

Broadly speaking, men do not become parsons in the Free Churches merely to secure a career. There are not many plums in their profession, and no complete security of tenure.

**But the State Church has always been regarded in some quarters as a refuge for mediocrity. Young men and, particularly, younger sons who "were not much good at anything else" were advised to "go for a good living" if they could get one.**

This is a deplorable and, from the Church's point of view, a disastrous attitude. To those for whom religion has absolute validity, it must be clear that no man should enter a noble calling without a clear call to fulfil it.

Both in the churches and in the schools, this country needs enthusiasts, not second-raters. Minimum educational accomplishments are not enough.

★ ★ ★

JOHN BULL is convinced of the need for parsons —and teachers—in politics. We are certain that every man or woman who claims leadership of public opinion—including the opinion of the growing child—should have strong opinions and still stronger principles.

It has often been said that in politics Christianity has never been given a fair chance. We dare to suggest that its chances have also been limited in the Churches as well.

*The bishops, as such, have special privileges in the nation's legislature, but it cannot be said that they have often been in the van of social progress.*

*Now is the chance for them and for the leaders of Nonconformity to regain their influence with the masses.*

With or without the parsons, this country means to win the peace as well as the war. The tide is at the flood—and the Churches must ride with it or else go under.

# *The Tumult and the Shouting Dies*

WE of this generation have been afflicted by two of the noisiest men in history.

Sometimes just one word will conjure up a man to the mind's eye. "Bravery"—Nelson. "Firmness" — George Washington. "Glitter"—Wilhelm II. "Impishness"—George Bernard Shaw.

Think of Hitler and Mussolini, and one word forces itself to the front at once.

"Noise." . . .

Politically, the last ten years have been the noisiest in living memory. The scene has been dominated by the Two Big Noises.

There's one advantage about shouting, as long as it works. You're certain to be heard. If only you shout loud enough nobody else can be heard, and the people with the quiet voices don't seem to matter.

What is more important (if you're a shouter), the people with the quiet voices seem to be *wrong*.

So for years the Two Big Noises have been shouting, and since nobody could hear the people with the quiet voices it seemed as if the Two Big Noises were right. To some, perhaps, it might have seemed that they always would be right.

"Victory in 1940!" shouted the Big Noises. And everybody wondered. Except in Germany and Italy, where they *felt sure*.

"Victory in 1941!" shouted the Big Noises. And still everybody wondered. Except in Germany and Italy, where they *felt sure*.

"Victory in 1942!" shouted the Big Noises. And still everybody wondered. Even in Germany. . . . In Italy they'd got past wondering.

For by this time the Big Noises were getting a trifle hoarse.

The odd thing about the line-up in this war is that all the noisy ones are on one side, and on the other are all the quiet ones—including those who were not with us at first. Like calls to like. It begins to look as if it had to be.

Our leaders never shout. They never have shouted. I don't think they ever will.

Churchill *talks*, quietly, modestly —and not often.

Roosevelt *chats*, also quietly and modestly, and even, perhaps, less often than Churchill.

If Chiang Kai-shek has ever made a speech in his life I have never seen it reported.

And even to us, his allies over here, the voice of Stalin is something unknown.

But he who talks the least sometimes says the most.

As the Big Noises grow hoarse and rustily fade away, we can hear what the Quiet Men, in their quiet way, have to tell us.

"Before another May Day comes round," says Stalin, "there will be peace in Europe and the Nazis will be defeated."

It is a long time since anyone said anything so significant, and it is a refreshing change after the bawling that has gone on.

In Germany they must be wondering harder than ever—and from another angle. . . .

WILL SCOTT.

## THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

# Open Letters

## ★ Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—Undoubtedly we are better prepared for air raids than we were last year. So we should be!

Yet still there is grit in the machinery you have patiently assembled—grit for which the local authorities must take the blame.

The billeting scheme in Bath collapsed when many rest centres were destroyed.

Not one British Restaurant had been established. Public feeding centres, hastily opened, could not supply breakfasts to workers.

At Norwich, the grim picture of heavy casualties and widespread damage to small houses was blackened by the fact that people who streamed out to street shelters found them locked.

At Exeter, the homeless had to fend for themselves. Even in the afternoon they were still awaiting a meal—because the emergency food dumps were reserved for shops that had ceased to exist!

I had thought we had done with these idiotic scandals. So, I am sure, had you.

Soberly and bluntly, I predict trouble if they are repeated.

They will be prevented only if local authorities cease to make a fetish of rigid regulations and display a little imagination.

A billeting scheme may be excellent in theory, yet obviously cannot be put into practice if rest centres are wiped out. Therefore, such schemes must be fluid; they should provide not merely an alternative but several alternatives.

Food is as important as shelter. Every town should have an emergency feeding system that can be put into operation within a few hours.

The fantastic practice of keeping shelters locked lest small boys play in them during the day must at last be ended.

Moreover, there should be regular inspection of all shelters—particularly those which have been locked for months—to ensure they are in good condition.

In these matters, I am aware, several Ministries are concerned. But the major part of A.R.P. and after-bombing arrangements is your responsibility, and your voice should summon every town to plan for the full care of its citizens.

Your new National Fire Service has made the Nazis' "spite raids" less serious than they might have been.

Now turn the hose on the sleepy local officialdom!—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. R. A. WATSON WATT, Inventor of Radiolocation

DEAR SIR,—There should be a cry of indignation throughout the country at your revelation that many industrial scientists are working for less than two hours a day.

Other experts, you allege, are retained by scheduled firms on jobs not directly concerned with the war effort.

Big firms still refuse to divulge their trade methods with new factories, even though this is a war for existence itself and not for the perpetuation of business monopolies.

**Indeed, there is general agreement that though the war's outcome largely depends on the use we make of scientific knowledge, we are not making full use of the scientists employed by big business firms.**

Whom shall we blame?

Not only selfish business magnates, but also the Government for failing to make them meet the nation's needs!—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P., Secretary for Petroleum

DEAR SIR,—"I am a night driver on private hire work," a reader tells me. "Eight out of ten of my clients are going to or coming from clubs, bridge parties, hotels or gaming houses."

**That reinforces my demand for much stricter supervision of the petrol granted to car-hire firms.**

What are you doing about it?—JOHN BULL.

## The MEMBERS, Harrow Town Planning Committee

DEAR BUMBLES,—You should have no right to say "No" to war time necessities.

Unable to find a suitable site, a man set up a factory in his garden to make gun components. Forty men worked day and night; in one year they produced equipment worth £40,000.

**Neighbours complained that the home-made arsenal was an eyesore—and you backed them up.**

**After months of haggling, you even sent men to tear it down.**

Remember that you're in the war, too.—JOHN BULL.

## Lord KINDERSLEY, National Savings Committee

MY LORD,—Recently I urged you to cut out the "brass band stunts" and concentrate on increasing the flow of *regular* savings.

**So I am glad to see that your summer campaign will aim at forming a savings group in every street, and will send "shock troops" into action to organise the backward areas.**

I wish that organisation complete success; I hope your appeal will be heeded in every home, for I know the nation's money will help to bring the nation's victory.—JOHN BULL.

## EARL of DUDLEY, Midland Regional Commissioner

MY LORD,—Birmingham people are asked not to travel after 8 p.m. Yet trams and buses have just begun a new rota—arranged at your behest—by which the last vehicles leave city termini at 11 p.m. instead of 10.30.

**Transport workers insist that these late services will not cater for munition workers, but only pleasure-seekers.**

I think you had better explain.—JOHN BULL.

## Mr. B. C. HUTCHINGS, Director of Salvage

DEAR SIR,—A Lancashire council, which in nosing out scrap metal is as keen as a greyhound, has been told by a well-known firm of merchants that it must be content with reduced prices in future—for the firm finds it difficult to dispose of the scrap metal!

Do you think that firm has never heard of your Department and its insatiable appetite for salvage of all kinds?—JOHN BULL.

## General E. F. LAWSON, Director of Public Relations, War Office

DEAR GENERAL,—Congratulations on providing the public with news revealing the Army's growing powers of aggression.

Photographs and newsreels of the Commandos have heartened us; descriptions of the new battle schools prove the British standard of toughness to be inferior to none.

But there are many thousands of men in khaki whose service is less spectacular though equally sterling. Now turn the spotlight on them!—JOHN BULL.

# The Greatest Hatred

NOTHING was so distasteful to me when a young soldier training in the last war as the bloodthirsty sickening roar of the instructor in bayonet fighting.

That instructor was, almost invariably, an obscene-mouthed, crude emblem of vulgarity: "Go for their —— guts; use the —— point, twist it"; and so on *ad nauseum*.

I'm no more squeamish than the next man. But I grew to hate that instructor.

*At the same time he was not to blame. He was part of a stupid, psychological plan fostered by the "higher ups" to instil in the minds of youngsters like myself a peculiar brand of hatred.*

ARGUE IT OUT ★ By Pallas

In this war they are doing a similar thing on a much grander and fiercer scale.

Men bayoneting dummies are bespattered with the blood of animals; and in assault practices are urged to gouge out the enemy's eyes and resort to other unmentionable tactics.

★ ★ ★

It seems that those responsible believe that hate begets good soldiers; that troops with a blood lust will go further and make a braver showing than those untreated with this psychological clap-trap.

What rubbish it all is! Can there be a higher form of bravery than that shown by the crews who man our submarines or by the pilots who roar through the night skies to bomb the German war industries?

No blood lust needed here; no artificially inspired hatred; no sadistic antics.

*Courage does not come of fanatical hatred; leadership is not inspired by the desire to kill; cool and vital decisions are not made by minds temporarily deaf to reason.*

Nor does a hatred so inculcated improve morale. How can it when morale is a matter of endurance, of steady nerves and unflinching hearts?

Hatred of a sort there must be—a cold implacable hatred against all the evils for which the enemy stands, hatred of the atrocities, the persecutions and the miseries that the Nazi régime has inflicted on the conquered peoples of Europe.

★ ★ ★

Two thousand years ago Publilius Syrus wrote: "Take care that no one hates you justly."

That warning is directed to Germany to-day. For hundreds of millions of enslaved people hate the Nazi overlords with a just hatred incomparable in history.

*Hate will play its part in bringing final victory. But it will be a cold, planned directed hatred, a power marshalled and used at the right time as a great weapon.*

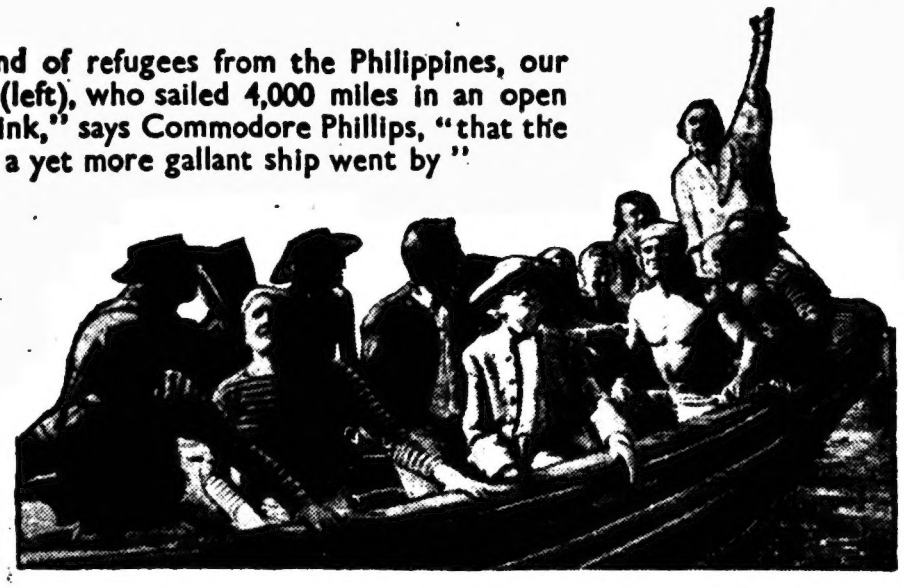
Hate in terms of noise and bloodthirsty craving is the sort of hate that Nazi thugs would deal in.

Europe's great hatred is different. It is the quiet, undying hatred in the souls of men that the Nazis fear.

That's why they should read with understanding the words of a famous German writer, Jean Paul Richter:

*"The greatest hatred, like the greatest virtue and the worst dogs, is silent."*

★ In recounting the epic voyage of a gallant band of refugees from the Philippines, our contributor invokes the memory of Captain Bligh (left), who sailed 4,000 miles in an open boat in the same dangerous waters. "I like to think," says Commodore Phillips, "that the ghost of tough old Captain Bligh saluted as a yet more gallant ship went by"



*He it was who travelled 4,000 miles in an open boat, after he and a few others had been set adrift by Fletcher Christian*

# 5,000 Miles Hell in Glamour Boat!

By COMMODORE PURSSEY PHILLIPS

DO you recall the name of Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*?

A hard man, but a fine seaman. He it was who travelled 4,000 miles in an open boat, after he and a few others had been set adrift by Fletcher Christian. The boat fetched up at Timor.

Did you say they don't breed sailors like that in these soft days?

Well, then, let an old windjammer man, holding a "square-rigged" Master's ticket, give you the lie in your teeth. And here's the way of it. . . .

Manila, walled capital of the Philippines, looking across palm-fringed Manila Bay to the semi-tropical slopes of the Mareveles Mountains, was in an uproar. United States marines and Filipino troopers, dusty from battle, many of them roughly bandaged, tramp-tramped through, retreating towards Bataan.

The schools were shut, the shopkeepers hastily nailing up shutters, the cigar factory workers standing in uneasy mobs.

Over the hills rolled incessantly the rumble and mutter of Japanese artillery, steadily drawing nearer.

**In Manila Bay there lay a pretty little ship that some millions of you would recognise if you saw Dorothy Lamour's picture, "Hurricane." For it was the ship Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer used in that picture.**

No longer, now, did scented film star argue with cigar-chewing magnate while a shirt-sleeved producer yelled to the cameramen to "Hold everything!"

Now, the bayonets were flickering in the sun, and the time had come when it seemed that no one there would hold anything much longer—perhaps not even life.

Aboard the little glamour ship now were refugees and a few British naval ratings and anyone who could clamber up the side. And the ship was casting off and heading south. . . .

## They Had No Charts

Destination, Java, 2,500 miles away; and rumour said the Japs were already there. In that case, said the young man who found himself appointed skipper of this scented cockboat, the ship would just run on to Perth or Calcutta, a few more thousands of miles away.

Let me, as a seaman, tell you something of their route.

I have sailed it, with a 5,000-ton modern steamship under me. It is a place of powerful, baffling currents, of sudden mudbanks, sandbanks, and stonebanks, of mists and reefs; and the triangular fins of sharks follow the ships that course there, because, they say, the sharks know where wrecks are likeliest.

**I had modern charts; but the men on this little boat had no charts. One of them brought aboard a school atlas, on which the whole area they were to traverse was shown.**

**It was shown—on a small scale; a shilling would have covered it completely!**

This tiny vessel headed away southwards, as the menacing note of the Jap artillery drew nearer to Manila, and now only a few belated wounded came limping through the streets.

Bligh, you say, had no charts, either? No; but then Bligh was not hounded on his way by bomber attacks.

## Their First Trouble

That was the first trouble they met. A Japanese bomber, flying very low, picked them up as they wended their way over the smiling tropical ocean. It wheeled round them, made a bombing run, came in to attack.

Three bombs were dropped. None hit. The bomber turned north and flew away. The little ship went steadily on.

When bombs fall near a ship the men aboard feel terrific pains in the chest, stomach and back, and often spit blood. The ship's instruments may be ruined by blast or the shock of the sea disturbance.

But, then, this ship had no instruments to spoil.

The entrance and exit of the Sulu Sea, through which they had to pass, are badly shoaled, highly dangerous unless one has proper charts.

But the sea bottom thereabouts is usually visible, as the sea is so clear. So the skipper of the glamour ship tied a box to the foremast and sat perched up on it, staring with fixed intensity over the bows. On that intensity all their lives depended, for the thin wakes of sharks followed steadily astern.

Whenever a great tooth of coral reared beneath the transparent green water to tear and rend the bottom out of the ship, the skipper said abruptly: "Port—hard aport!"—or whatever other direction was needed.

After another Jap bomber formation passed low overhead they decided to move only at night.

## Guided by Prayer

So they tied up under a palm tree that overhung an anchorage and spread palm branches and leaves across the decks. Other bombers passed over, not seeing.

That night, in moonlight, she continued her course.

The bombers could not see her so easily in moonlight as in sunshine; but, then, neither could her skipper see, except vaguely, the great teeth of the coral reefs.

Prayer guided that ship as well as men's hands; the shadow of an Almighty wing must have lain over her to hide her from those Mitsubishi Hell's Angels that constantly roared by, big with bombs.

In the Macassar Straits they met their first gale.

I have known a gale in those seas smash lifeboats like matchboxes, yet the lifeboats were more heavily built than this perfumed pleasure boat, *and they hung 40 ft. up in davits.*

**This typhoon flung the little craft about like a chip in a mill-race. It stood on end all the time, but not on the same end for two seconds together, a survivor said later.**

Bligh met storms on his voyage, but never a worse than this.

Most of the people aboard were refugees, unused to the sea. They were dreadfully seasick all the time.

And not one of them uttered a word of complaint. For the race of hard men and born seamen has not yet died away!

The typhoon was a blessing as well as terror. It brought rain—hose-piped rain such as you in England never see. I have seen that East Indian rain, and it needs seeing to be believed. It is as if the sea had upended and was sliding steadily down on top of you.

Had I not mentioned that these people had run out of water two days before—in tropical sun, as they were actually crossing the Line?

No; well, you can't tell everything at once, in a voyage like that. But it was true.

**Now they all crammed and crowded on the deck where lovely Miss Lamour used to sun-bathe. But they came to rain-bathe—to soak their clothes and their parched bodies in heavenly water, to stick out their tongues to catch it, to cup their palms and splash it on their faces and lap it off the very decks themselves. . . .**

They spread a great tarpaulin, and drank the tarry-tasting water out of that.

It saved them, that typhoon, instead of destroying them; "God blew with His winds, and they were—saved!"

And then food ran out. No wonder; the little boat was carrying fifty times her pleasure complement.

They tried to fish, but they could not turn five loaves and two fishes into food for a multitude.

And then the bombers came over, and they ran for a certain little port, too insignificant for bombers to touch. They were unlucky; or so they thought at first.

## Food from Bombs!

For the Jap bombers plastered that place, prior to invading it next day. The bombs rained down, blowing the pretty town to bits like a cardboard toy. Many bombs fell in the tiny harbour.

So urgent are the primal calls of life that, while the bombers still thundered across the skies and the bombs still fell, the glamour boat crew went overside in their minute dory to pick up floating fish killed by the bomb blasts in the water.

In a little pause between raids, the ship put out to sea again.

Later that afternoon they saw heavy smears of smoke coming up ahead, and wisely ran close inshore and tied up beneath a drooping palm tree.

And then the Japanese armada, going to invade the smashed port they had just left, passed them by, almost within biscuit-toss.

They saw the great ships pass—first, two Atago-class eight-inch-gun cruisers, one of whose weapons could have blown the refugee ship to splinters, then a destroyer screen, with five transports teeming with yellow troopers within it, and finally a light cruiser and a seaplane carrier.

Over the water in the sweltering afternoon came the murmur of excited, high-pitched voices. . . .

The refugee ship turned west, presently, into the Java Sea, making for Surabaya. They did not know that another Japanese armada was on its way there, too.

## The Dauntless Breed

Who would be there first? Would the little ship that had voyaged so gallantly over two thousand miles reach port at last only to sail slap into jeering yellow hands?

No! She reached Surabaya first—but only just first!

Again, the Mitsubishi bombers, built, shame on us! from a British licence, and fed with American petrol, came roaring overhead. They smashed down their great bombs on Surabaya, and the stolid Dutch ack-ack gunners flashed and blazed back at them.

The refugees on the glamour-ship had been without fresh food for twenty days; so, again they went out in their dory and picked up stunned fish, flung up by enemy bombs.

**And then, because these men were of the dauntless breed which will never, come Hell, hail or Hitler, be swept from the freedom of the seven seas, they put out again for a further 2,500-mile trip to Perth, Australia.**

It was an easier trip, because there were Australian and British and American warships and aircraft about this time, as well as Japanese.

But that second run, down to Perth, was in itself an epic worthy of a great writer to describe it. I shall not attempt it; it is my job only to give you a few facts.

It included hunger, thirst, storm, almost shipwreck. It was endured and carried to a triumphant end.

*I like to think that as they passed through the Timor Sea the ghost of tough old Captain Bligh of the "Bounty" shot his ruffles, smiled sardonically, and saluted, as a yet more gallant ship went by. . . .*

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# WE MUST HIT OUR HARDES

*While Hitler's striking power is still immense and must not be underrated, let us not blind ourselves to the fact that the United Nations can also deal tremendous blows*

## Says A. G. GARDINER

THE Russian battle-cry is "Victory in '42." Is it a vain cry? At the risk of being accused of the crime of "wishful thinking" I propose to put forward some reasons why I think it is not.

And first let us recall to your mind those spring days of 1918. The Fifth Army was shattered. The Allied front was broken. Haig's "back to the wall" message showed the imminence of final disaster. Who then thought that within a few months the whole German war machine would be in ruins, the Kaiser in flight and the victory won?

Is Hitler more formidable in the Spring of 1942 than the Kaiser was in the Spring of 1918? I have not space to make a comparison of their relative positions, but I am satisfied that he is not. And this for three main reasons.

(1) America is much more powerfully in the war to-day than she was in the Spring of 1918.

(2) The United Nations have wrested from Hitler's grasp the command of the air on which he chiefly relied for victory.

(3) Whereas the Kaiser's Germany had knocked out Russia in the Spring of 1918, Hitler's Germany has suffered a stupendous catastrophe in Russia which she must retrieve this summer or lose the war.

**FOR ONE THING IS CERTAIN. THE GERMAN ARMY WILL NOT FACE THE TERRORS OF ANOTHER RUSSIAN WINTER.**

★ ★ ★

This is the crucial fact of the war. It should govern all our strategy. Hitler is Enemy No. 1. He is bogged in Russia. He must never escape. He must be destroyed there.

In war, as in chess, it is not enough to make the right moves. The right moves must be made in the right order.

What is the right order? This war will be lost and won in Europe. If we win in Europe—that is, if we defeat Germany—we win everywhere. If we lose in Europe, we lose everywhere.

Victory for Hitler would mean victory for Japan.

But victory for Japan does not mean victory for Hitler, and without victory for Hitler there is no final victory for Japan.

This does not mean that the war in the Pacific and the Indian Ocean is a side-show to the course of which we can be indifferent. It is an integral part of the universal war, and the shape it has taken is calamitous.

But it does mean that, at whatever temporary sacrifice in the Far East, we must not be diverted from our quarry in Europe.

When we have destroyed the tiger of Berlin we shall have overwhelming power to destroy the hyæna of Tokio. But it would be fatal folly to destroy the hyæna if in doing so we allowed the tiger to destroy us.

*All the weapons exploited by the Nazis will soon be turned against them, and the parachutist will play a star part . . .*

It follows from this that our strategy in the Far East for the time being must be defensive. We must aim at holding the enemy. He has, through his treachery and our neglect, done astonishing things.

But he is getting a long way from home. He has spread his liabilities wide, and as American power in the Pacific grows the risks he has taken will land him in trouble.

We have had time to consolidate our defence in India, and the timely seizure of Madagascar should secure our position in the Indian Ocean.

With China, the United States, Australia and India enveloping Japan's movements it will be a miracle if she does not get entangled at some point in the meshes of the net that is spread for her.

Already she has had a hint of the vengeance that will one day descend upon her own cities, and the panic that hint created shows that the hyæna's ferocity is matched with the hyæna's cowardice.

And always on Japan's most vulnerable flank is the shadow of Russia. Whether, inflated by her triumphs, she will one night soon apply the Pearl Harbour treachery to Vladivostock remains to be seen.

If Hitler falls, Tojo falls. He may take the plunge, not to save Germany but to save himself.

But if he does so, we may rest assured he will not find Vladivostok asleep.

★ ★ ★

**I RETURN TO WHAT I HAVE CALLED "THE CRUCIAL FACT OF THE WAR." WHILE WE STAND ON THE DEFENSIVE AGAINST ENEMY NO. 2 WE MUST LAUNCH EVERY WEAPON IN OUR ARMOURY IN THE ATTACK ON ENEMY NO. 1.**

That something has gone seriously wrong with Hitler's plans is shown by the delay in the much heralded "Spring offensive."

It is a month behind time and, with American and British outputs reaching their peak, time is becoming Hitler's most dangerous enemy.

For if he cannot knock Stalin out of the ring in the next four months he will never knock him out of the ring at all.

Much has happened to upset his schemes. Overshadowing everything else, of course, is the catastrophic failure of his Russian adventure.

It has not only destroyed the cream of his Army and mountains of material. It has shaken the morale of his men, confidence in his generals and his own prestige in Germany.

He has sacked his generals to save his face, and deeper and wider grows the gulf between Hitler and the Gestapo and the Army and its leaders.

It is in a vastly different frame of mind from that of June last that he faces the second round in the greatest battle of history.

And it is not only the gruelling he has got in Russia that has upset Hitler's apple cart. The devastating raids of the R.A.F. have hit him in three ways.

They have shattered his power-houses and his shipping yards and so reduced the re-equipment of his armies in Russia.

They have compelled him to keep half his air force at home when he wants every plane he possesses to be on the Russian front.

And they have added to the gloomy forebodings of the German people who for the

# The Norsemen

WE are still fighting the Battle of the Atlantic. And the strain the United Nations have to bear of supplying men and food and arms and fuel to five continents and six fronts might have been too much for us if Norway had not carried on.

*Mr. Churchill has told us that the limiting factor for Britain and her Allies to-day is neither arms nor men.*

*It is ships. And few appreciate how many ships Norway has contributed to the United Nations' pool.*

When the Germans invaded that little northern kingdom hidden radios called all Norwegian ships, in the king's name, to seek the nearest Allied harbour.

Though the urge to hurry back to homes and families must have been tremendously strong, every boat that could do so obeyed the call. Out of every five vessels flying the Norwegian Cross in that Spring of 1940, four were mustered in British harbours.

### Under Norway's Flag

They brought an oil-bearing capacity that is equal to our own. To this day, forty out of every hundred tons of the oil and petrol for our 'planes, our armies and our workshops, is carried across the oceans under the flag of Norway.

When Mr. Ronald Cross was Minister of Economic Warfare he used to say that Norway's contribution to the Allied merchant fleet had been of decisive importance at the most critical period of the U-boat war, when 30,000 of her bringing our supplies.

They brought, piled h boats that once he country's gold stocks perilously on mules through the Germ lin

But they brought al still bringing, a cargo m than gold. They are br men and women who ha carry on the fight.

### Thousand Lo

We do not know wheth in scores or in hundre who gave their lives in But we do know that landed successfully.

They have manned navy—the Royal Norwe that has not stopped fi the April of 1940.

In those days, the little fleet suffered heavily, tho German fleet suffered m (80,000 tons displacemen navy was sunk by sailors); but Norway still warships and thousa ing men on the high se

*They have formed field force of several mechanised infantry mando troops have vice at Lofoten and S and the Oksfjord from us some burden of the*

Riiser Larsen, Amundsen to the pioneer of arctic has organised his which is considered than it was when into Norway.

# T NOW!

first time for more than a hundred years see the horrors of war brought on to their own soil.

★ ★ ★

Add to all this the rising tide of revolt, sabotage, hate and guerilla warfare that envelops his jerry-built empire from Norway to Greece, and we shall not need to ask why Hitler's plans have gone wrong.

**DO NOT LET US UNDER-RATE HIS STRIKING POWER. IT IS STILL GREAT. AND WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT DEPTHS OF TREACHERY THE VICHY GANG MAY DRAG FRANCE TO.**

But both materially and morally Hitler's Germany has suffered a mortal blow. Compared with the Germany of the Kaiser in May, 1918, it seems indisputably inferior.

Why, then, should Russia's battle cry, "Victory in '42" not be an intelligent anticipation of events?

It will be if we let out every stitch of canvas to the breeze and sail into the attack with all that we have.

Let us fling everything we have, in the air, on the sea, on the land, into the task of smashing Hitler's war machine and strengthening Stalin.

Russia is digging Hitler's grave. Let us see that that wicked man and all he stands for is buried deep in it before another winter comes—buried beyond all hope of resurrection.

# n are Coming!

0 of her seamen were
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Besides the many Norwegian fighter pilots in the R.A.F., two all-Norwegian squadrons, one of bombers and one of fighters, are operating from the British Isles, spearhead of Norway's air force in training at "Little Norway," the air station outside Toronto to which volunteers are streaming from all over the world.

America is building the 'planes, all of which are paid for. Norway's war effort has not cost the British or American taxpayer a single penny.

*But if you were to ask a Norwegian what was Norway's greatest contribution to the Allied cause, he would dwell proudly on the unbroken spirit of her people.*

For twelve days her untrained militia held up the weight of the German advance in the Romsdaal with sporting guns, and now Germany has to station a soldier in Norway for every Norwegian of military age. This in a country that Hitler was assured would not even try to resist.

## Not So Strong

The total strength of the Quisling Party is, by German reckoning, precisely 1 per cent. of the population. This includes a militia that is 3,000 strong in all, out of which Quisling would be a fool to count upon 300.

And there is this to remember: If you put a German soldier to watch every Norwegian, the chances are that you will have an able-bodied Norwegian to watch every German soldier.

So it would be odd if we, in Britain, were not well informed of Hitler's moves and Hitler's strength in this restive land of freedom.

*Ready for anything and quite as tough as he looks . . .*

★ When the time comes our sturdy, "specialist" soldiers will form the spearhead of attacks that will give the enemy plenty of headaches. They are

# Mile-a-Minute Troops with Tommy-Guns

By JOHN CASHEL

MECHANISED men are skimming over the ground as fast as many aeroplanes flew in the last war as, in a bit of coastal Southern England, I am watching a "live shot" manœuvre to tell you about the Recce men—Britain's newest soldiers.

So new, you may not even have heard of them.

More recently formed than Commandos and Paratroops—and as tough—they belong to the Reconnaissance Corps.

**The most highly mechanised and heavily armed infantry ever known, they are doing the job of the famous light cavalry of old—and some more!**

Infantry who move in troops, squadrons and regiments, not platoons, companies and battalions.

## Realism of Battle

From Squadron H.Q. their spearhead scout car "Flying Squads" are sweeping out past us over a good stretch of road at well over a mile a minute, guns loaded to fire real shot to accustom them to some of the realism of the battlefield.

In this mock battle, orders from their rear regimental headquarters, attached to an infantry division, have sent them forth to jab many miles through the "enemy's" light advanced posts to probe for his main position.

They outpace the Don R's who go with them, and mop up the miles almost twice as swiftly as the speediest of light tanks.

Bren carriers of the scout troops follow them.

**Then, in reserve, ready to smash forward to wherever these advanced units get into too hot a spot for them to master, wait mechanised assault infantry in fast trucks—the Commandos of Recce.**

That gives you a flash picture of the reconnoitring and striking power of the new "eyes" of the British infantry.

It isn't a very cheering one for Hitler, with his front stuck in the Russian steppes and his rear not too well covered in the West!

The Recce man, "Bengal Lancer, 1942," is very different from the old-time light cavalry, Lancers, Hussars, Light Dragoons, whose battle-honour memories still thrill us, and whose regiments are now manning the tanks and other steeds of steel of the Armoured Corps.

These Recce men are something newer than horse regiments transformed into tank regiments. They are brand new. Infantrymen trained as mechanised riders from the word Go.

With lightning speed and an automatic fire-power far more terrific than anything hitherto known in the Army's history, they have begun a long way off from those who wrote a deathless glory with their sabres in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava.

Better still, to glimpse how fast mechanised war has moved, let your mind slip back a short span to the last-war cavalry's lance, sword and carbine. Or to "Kaiser Bill's Uhlans" (remember them?) of Mons and Le Cateau, whose lances seemed so formidable, then!

Horses, lances, swords, carbines.

## Honour the Factories

And what *now*, Recce Man, 1942?

Armoured scout cars, Bren carriers and guns, fast trucks, motorcycles, rifles for every man, tommy guns, anti-tank rifles, anti-tank artillery, mortars, ammunition for the lot, grenades, wireless.

In all, hundreds of light automatics and more than two hundred and fifty vehicles to fit out a single Recce regiment.

**Here is the supreme object-lesson of what the Factory Front means in modern mechanised war, and one of which every ardent factory worker has reason to feel proud.**

As I listen-in at this Squadron H.Q. I realise just why and how wireless is the life-blood of reconnaissance, and how risks must be taken at all costs in the thick of battle to get information back quickly.

Wireless waves ride the ether faster and more surely than despatch-riders ride the roads. The Don R.'s big chance comes when the wireless transmitter is shot up or goes wrong.

Message after message is Morsed to our H.Q. in this mock combat, mostly in code, but sometimes in clear when minutes matter, telling a breathless story of what is happening to the scout cars and Bren carriers, now many miles inside "enemy" territory.

## Draw Heavy Fire

The cars mop up light hostile posts in their stride, finally attain their objective by drawing heavy fire, disclosing the enemy's main position.

The carriers race to their assistance, and still the wireless buzzes: "Attacking. Enemy in strong force. Cannot make headway."

**Then, to help them out and cover their withdrawal, the squadron leader, having got the information he wants, orders the reserve assault troops forward in their fast trucks—"The Charge of the Tommy-Gun Brigade," with rifles and bayonets, anti-tank rifles, Bren guns, grenades and mortars thrown in as make-weight!**

## Specialist Soldiers

As the squadron withdraws, some of the scout car patrols are ordered to lay up in cover to observe hostile movements, and, if attacked, to fight their way home

On the move, they can wireless for aid with a fair margin of safety.

I was fortunate on my day out with the Recce men to meet the Director of Training of the new corps.

It came into being, he told me, as one of the lessons of the war, to fill the gap left when the remaining cavalry were absorbed into the Armoured Corps and the infantry had to find its own reconnaissance.

It is producing a sturdy specialist soldier with a multitude of stiff jobs to perform beyond the patrol duties usually associated with ground reconnaissance.

As an example of a special task, his regiment may be ordered to destroy a located enemy force and return, having, if needed, and under its command, supporting tanks, field and anti-tank artillery, machine-guns and sappers.

## More than Commandos

In one or other of his rôles the new soldier does all that.

**If he is an assault troop he regards, in a spirit of friendly rivalry, the Commandos as "a good second best." He does all their training, including swimming rivers and scaling rocks in full kit—and a good deal else.**

If in a scout car or Bren carrier he can both drive and maintain his vehicle, and has a working knowledge of field engineering, demolition, mine-clearing, a quick eye for recognising tanks or aircraft, and fights by night as well as day.

He can swiftly sift valuable from unimportant information and get it back quickly, knowing that slow or inaccurate facts may get many men of the division killed.

Out there, risking capture miles inside the enemy positions, he needs courage, cunning, nerve, initiative, field-craft, and a security-mindedness that, if he is taken prisoner, will give away no secrets.

Unlike the Commandos and Paratroops, he has not yet had his chance

*But he will be there when it comes!*

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

## SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

# "HOOCH" MEN ARE MURDERERS!

WHOLESALE trafficking in "First Shot" is fast gaining ground in this country.

Leading experts in Government Departments, and in trade circles, too, are seriously alarmed about it.

Most people have no idea what "First Shot" is. It is an English trade definition for "Hooch," and "Hooch" is an American word that was coined some years ago to describe the filthy and poisonous liquor which was put on the United States market by racketeers during the Prohibition era.

**Thousands of people died through drinking "Hooch." Hundreds went mad. Countless addicts were compelled to endure long illnesses.**

### Quick Action Needed

Well, there is a big "Hooch" menace in our own country to-day.

And unless the Government takes drastic steps to deal quickly and firmly with the problem, it is feared in responsible trade quarters that a situation of real gravity will arise in the near future.

Medical practitioners have already been given a warning through professional bodies.

The Air Ministry has taken the precaution of urging officers-in-command to warn the men and women under them not to drink any unknown brands of whisky or gin while on leave.

Protection organisations affiliated to the Licensed Trade are now drawing the attention of their members to the menace.

**In Glasgow alone, during the last two months, fifteen people at least have died through drinking "Hooch." Many others have undergone lengthy periods in hospital there, and some are still detained, seriously ill.**

Cases have been reported to the authorities in which Servicemen, on return from leave, have had to be treated in hospital for what is becoming generally known as "bootleg liquor poisoning."

Two sailors due to return to their ships, recently died at Grays, Essex, from its effects.

A soldier, just back from leave, died a week or two ago in hospital.

"Hooch," which is mainly derived from Methanol (wood alcohol), can be produced easily by any person with a knowledge of chemistry.

With the aid of certain acid substances and raw materials that seem easy to procure, even potatoes, swedes and parsnips can be utilised for its manufacture by people who run illicit "stills."

### Back-Room "Stills"

Scotland Yard detectives and Customs and Excise officers are at the present time trying to trace several "stills" which are believed to be in operation in back rooms and cellars of houses in outlying districts.

In a raid which took place only recently at an old house in South London, all the evidence of a private distilling process was found, together with proof that a considerable quantity of "Hooch" had been manufactured.

In another establishment house detectives seized 154 bottles of "whisky" bearing the labels of familiar brands.

Home Office analysts have found that most of the stuff was rubbish, though a certain quantity of genuine liquor had been introduced to assist in its camouflage.

### At Drinking Clubs

One Member of Parliament, who has lately urged that a proper official inquiry should be held into the whole business, himself obtained a bottle of "Hooch" which, upon analysis, was found to consist mostly of methylated spirit.

Investigating officers have reported that large quantities of "Hooch" are being sold regularly at drinking clubs and bottle parties.

Many visitors to clubs in the West End of London have complained that supposed whisky they bought at high prices frothed up like beer the moment soda was put into it.

Licensed trade inquirers are to-day studying the operations of so-called travellers, or agents, who visit hotel proprietors and publicans as representatives of new firms of liquor wholesalers.

**They say they are in a position to sell supplies of spirit, in bulk, which has been specially blended, but that any transaction entered into with them will necessarily have to be conducted on secret lines.**

They explain that they can only supply the liquor in casks owing to the shortage of bottles, and produce literature which makes it seem clear that the firms they represent are both legitimate and licensed.

An hotel-keeper in a London district was approached in this way a few weeks ago and asked to buy whisky at £12 10s. a gallon. (Bottled, this would work out to about 30s. a bottle.)

The man concerned refused the offer, and reported the facts to the Society of Licensed Victuallers.

"HOOCH" KILLS 10 PEOPLE IN GLASGOW
TEN PEOPLE BELIEVED TO HAVE DRUNK METHANOL—A FORM OF WOOD ALCOHOL—HAVE DIED IN GLASGOW SINCE SATURDAY.
SIX OTHERS ARE SERIOUSLY ILL IN HOSPITAL.

*You have seen items like this in the newspapers. Unless the Home Office acts quickly—and firmly—you will see many more*

But of the 80,000 licensed victuallers throughout the country, there are some who are naturally willing to be talked into such a deal, knowing that customers are now so used to the scarcity that they are not likely to query their purchase even if they do detect that it does not taste like a genuine brand.

Apart from "Hooch," there is another aspect of this racketeering that calls for instant attention.

**Anyone can obtain a Customs and Excise Wholesale Licence upon payment of fifteen guineas, and, once in the possession of it, can legally trade in wines and spirits to any length so long as he does not *deliver*.**

### They Can't Stop Him

One man, from an old mansion in the West End of London, recently conducted a large business in whisky, claret, and Empire wines, selling direct to customers on the premises for cash, and stipulating that they must bring their own transport to take their purchases away immediately the deal was completed.

Licensed Trade observers know all about this man's activities, but as the law stands there is nothing to stop him provided he obtains his supplies honestly.

The fact that he charged club owners and publicans much greater prices than their standard value does not at present constitute a legal offence.

Quite a substantial trade is being done, too, in the sale of genuine and dummy labels.

Some bear the names of well-known firms, others those of mythical distillers and wine-bottling companies.

**Some "Hooch" agents seeking bottles used by reputable blenders have expressed their willingness to pay as much as half-a-crown a bottle in order that the filth they are trading in can be pushed on to the public with some evidence of its supposed reliability!**

Although this new racket is only in its infancy, it is clear that speedy action must be taken to break it down.

Medical experts say that "Hooch" dries up the blood, plays havoc with the abdominal system, injures the heart and brain, incites gastritis, and produces temporary blindness.

The Home Office must act without delay.

### PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*Mr. J. F. McGovern, St. Ives, Ringwood, Hants, is awarded this week's £1 1s., for information now being investigated.*

*Letters on any subject of public interest are welcomed, and envelopes should be marked "Public Benefactor."*

## GRIEVING PARENTS CRUELLY DUPED

CHARLATANS who take money from relatives of missing Servicemen, by pretending to be able to trace them, deserve no pity.

John Lethridge Taverner, Westcroft Avenue, Wallington, calls himself a "diviner." Swinging a bead on a silken cord over a map he has told dupes he could locate the particular part of the world in which their missing ones were supposed to be.

The father of a night-fighter pilot who has not been heard of since last November paid Taverner a fee and was told the missing man had not been shot down and was well. Now official notification has come through that there is little possibility of his being alive.

Months ago I issued a warning about Taverner, and am interested to learn that he has just been charged with false pretences. He has been lucky enough to get off with a fine.

If Taverner is really wise, he'll abandon this cruel racket at once.

## The Man who Bought France

IN the twilight of Nazi diplomacy the figure of Otto Abetz throws a particularly dark and sinister shadow.

You know his name well enough, but it is difficult to define his status. He is Hitler's Ambassador in France—but he is not accredited to Pétain.

Who is this Otto Abetz?

He is one of the men whose intimate knowledge of a foreign country serves Hitler as a basis for his decisions.

**Whatever functions Pétain, Darlan, Laval allocate to themselves in the mad scramble for power in France, it will be Abetz who will have the last word.**

**Hitler swears by what he says.**

It is nearly twenty years since Otto Abetz, a mere youth, came to Paris.

He began to spend money lavishly. It was not his own money.

### Plenty of Cash

When Hitler came into power, Abetz's funds increased in volume.

He entertained leading French politicians, and was himself entertained in the fashionable drawing-rooms of France's political duchesses.

He married a French girl and became "almost a Frenchman."

And all the time he spent money.

*He is the man who bought France.*

He tried to obtain the assistance of French newspaper proprietors, and distributed Goebbels' funds among mercenary French journalists.

That was shortly before the war, and the smart young Abetz—he was only 39—put on weight.

French friends, who still regarded him as a playboy rather than a dangerous Nazi agent, were surprised when the Daladier Government cleared Abetz and his assistants out of Paris in the summer of 1939.

French industrialists and aristocrats were at the station to bid him good-bye.

Abetz was cheerful. He promised them to come back soon.

### Infamous Bargain

He, in turn, had the promises of his industrialist and reactionary French friends that they would continue to work for Franco-German understanding.

They were all agreed as to what they would do if their endeavours failed. Abetz had explained it to them in detail.

If Germany should go to war with France, German guns would avoid French industrial targets.

In exchange the French industrialists would help to reduce "French suffering" and press for early peace with Germany.

**It was the most ambitious Fifth Column plot ever organised.**

**And it worked.**

**German guns spared French factories so that they could be taken over intact and used to aid German war production.**

**It was the exact opposite of scorched earth.**

**It ruined France.**

Abetz returned to Paris on the heels of the German conquerors.

He knew how to play with the French marionettes whose greed and treachery had enabled him to buy France.

Now he cracks the whip over their heads.

With German troops and the Nazi Gestapo, Abetz, the ex-playboy, the ex-agent, holds sway over the land of Napoleon.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

# Fantasy of a Hunted Man

*SOMEWHERE there is a foggy borderland of life, where Space and Time mix and blur, and Reality meets Dream in a twilight which you and I can never explore. But from the vague frontiers of the Unknown there come from time to time hints and suggestions of great, unexplainable things.*

★ ★ ★

In Kentucky, in the year 1918, there lived a ferocious old man who was known as The Major.

I suppose he was of the kind that carves out empires and breaks open new territories. He was indomitable, wiry, strong as steel in spite of his sixty years, and devoid of fear.

An admirable, though far from lovable, man, he lived alone, deeply respected and half feared by everybody who knew him. He was something of a madman, terrifying in his fanatical devotion to anything he regarded as his duty.

The Major belonged to the hard old days when men, single-handed, fought wildernesses and beat them tame.

Into his battered, lion-like head there had crept the craziness of race-hate. He loathed foreigners, and abhorred negroes, and was always to be found in the forefront of any demonstration against the unhappy black men of Kentucky—a figure of terror, with his rifle, and his great moustache which curved down like a sharp sickle, and his huge and glaring blue eyes.

That kind of fanaticism seems to bubble dangerously near the surface of the Deep South. A word cracks the skin over it, and lets loose an eruption of murder and cruelty.

One day an hysterical woman said that she had been accosted by a negro named Prosper. He had, in fact, asked her some question pertaining to firewood; but she had run, screaming for help. (That happens frequently.)

She ran, I say, screaming. The drowsy little town seemed to start and blink. The negroes knew what that meant, and they trembled.

Somebody passed a word to Prosper. He knew that innocence was no argument: he was a negro black as night, and therefore damned before judgment. He took to the woods, flying from what he knew must come.

A great mutter rose. Men clustered, tense and angry. Mouths twitched up in snarls.

Beware of the undercurrent of bloodlust that crawls in the depths of men!

Somebody yelled: "Are we going to let that nigra get away with this?"

A hundred other voices roared: "No!"

The mutter of the mob became a howl, like that of mad dogs. Guns came down from hooks. Night had fallen. Torches flared. Two great bloodhounds, straining at their leashes, snuffled on the trail of Prosper. The men followed the dogs. The mob was out for blood and torture.

And The Major led them, with a gun loaded with buckshot under his arm.

BUT Prosper had a long start, and he knew the woods. The mob hunted all night long and far into the next day. Then they became exhausted, and paused.

But not The Major. He was drunk with hate. When everybody rested he went on alone. He plunged into the depths of the wood. His long legs had the loping stride of a hunting wolf. The trees covered him. He disappeared.

And two days later he appeared again, and it seemed that he had gone quite mad. He was afraid! He cringed.

He staggered towards some people who were watching him, and said: "I didn't do it! I never done nothing! I'm a

harmless old nigger! Don't hurt me, white folks! Please don't hurt me!"

Then he fell into a sleep, so deep that it was almost a death.

And when he awoke, twelve hours afterwards, he was The Major again—but changed. He was quiet and gentle. He blinked uncertainly—he who had never been uncertain of anything, right or wrong, in sixty years of life—he who had never uttered a kind word in living memory.

The Major, the nigger-hater, the lynch-lawyer, the whipper, the killer—The Major was seen gently patting the head of a terrified little black boy who stood paralysed with fear under the unexpected caress.

What had happened to him in that dark forest?

One day he told the story:

WHEN the others had rested he had gone on, and on, until he could walk no longer. His body was exhausted; but not his hate.

He determined to rest a little, and then continue his hunt for the vanished negro Prosper. And as he sat resting, sleep came down on him like a deadfall, and he lay among the leaves and snored.

But it was no ordinary sleep.

It was a strange kind of sick coma in which The Major found himself. He was caught in the meshes of a dark and nightmarish dream, like a bird in a net. He knew that he was dreaming, and struggled to awake, but could not. And then he found himself floating away . . . and there was a blank, a hiatus, a timeless silence.

He awoke.

He found himself crouching in a thicket, in a part of the wood which he did not know. And his heart was thumping in his breast, and he was terrified, disgustingly terrified, of something that was following him. The Major was bewildered. He had never known fear, and now he was afraid.

He somehow knew that he was going to a hollow beyond the thicket—something was urging him there. He knew, also, that dawn was at hand, and he dreaded the dawn—and yet he also dreaded the dark.

He had lost his rifle. His clothes seemed to have been torn to shreds by thorns. His face was swollen where branches had snapped back at him in his headlong rush through the wood.

He crawled on, footsore and exhausted.

Prosper: he had to find Prosper the negro, and drag him back to be slaughtered by the mob. But of what was he afraid? He did not know.

The Major went on. He got out of the thicket. There, sure enough, dimly outlined in the starlight, lay a hut. He went down towards it. It was a mere ruin. Those who had lived there had either died or gone away. It was empty.

He went in.

He shouted: "Anybody here?"—and was surprised to hear the husky rasp of his voice. His throat was dry. He felt ill and weak—and still frightened. His mind revolted against the trembling of his limbs. His body was scared, and wanted to hide.

As he stood in the hut, shaking like a man in an ague, the first glimmer of day came through the empty window-frame. The Major looked about him. There was, he knew (but he did not know how he knew it), a hole, a kind of cellar; and towards this hole his feet were dragging him.

AND then the dawn broke.

Instinctively, he looked down at his coat, which he habitually kept neatly brushed. "Have I, walking in my sleep, got hold of some other man's clothes?" he wondered. He was dressed in rags. His toes protruded through holes in his boots. " . . I must have been walking in black mud . . . ." Then he saw his hands. They were black and wrinkled, with whitest nails and pink palms—negro's hands.

Sick with anguish, The Major leapt up. There was a fragment of broken mirror. He looked at his reflection.

The terrified face of Prosper the negro looked back at him.

He does not know how long he stood there, staring. He, The Major, was in the body of Prosper, the black fugitive. Some strange flash of intuition told him that somehow—God knew how—while he lay in his exhausted trance, and while Prosper also lay in a coma of weariness and misery—somehow, their souls in sleep had met and changed places——

He heard, in the remote distance, a baying of bloodhounds.

The spirit of The Major turned to give battle. But the body of Prosper fainted with horror.

And it must have been exactly at that moment that the body of The Major, gibbering in the voice of Prosper, came staggering through the trees towards the lynch-mob and begged for mercy, so that they took him home while the negro escaped.

And then came the darkness of unconsciousness, out of which The Major struggled to find himself in his bed, surrounded by curious eyes and astonished faces.

That is all.

There is only one thing more. The Major went into the wood again, and followed the route he remembered. There was the thicket; and there, in a hollow, lay the hut.

On the floor of the hut, smashed to pieces where it had been violently flung down, lay the remains of a bit of mirror.

Human Machine

## BED-ROCK

Life these days is doing its best to turn us all into philosophers.

When the war is over there should be, if we have any receptive capacity at all, a great many more people in this country with a calm and unflurried outlook, a better appreciation of real values, and a truer sense of perspective than there have ever been.

For, in face of all that is happening the world over, the ordinary irritations and irritabilities and annoyances that would once have "got our goat" really don't seem worth while.

We have got right down to bed-rock.

We are concerned with the problem of getting enough food; with the necessity for making sure that our needs and our clothing square up; with the elemental need for shelter.

We have been *made* to see what are the real values!

More—we can only look back and marvel at our blindness to true values before, and hope fervently that never will we be so blind as to let anything obscure them again.

Now all this, which is indisputably a fact, ought to make most of us more than a bit ashamed of ourselves.

We ought to blush a bit when we think of all the trivialities we once allowed to worry us, all the nonsensicalities we formerly allowed to upset our tempers, all the needless and useless fuss and bother we used to cause others on account of things that didn't matter in the very least.

Don't you think we ought to?

## EVEN A BOOKWORM SHOULD TURN

TURN what? Turn out those books he will never bother to read again.

We asked a Street Salvage Steward: "As most people have been saving paper methodically, what can we hope to get out of the new Save Paper Competition?"

He answered: "There's enough uncollected paper in this country to make us independent of foreign supplies for a year.

"People still cling to books they will never read There are thousands of them cluttering up odd corners of the homes of this country. Then, again, people will surrender a hundred letters—but there are still a thousand more they say they simply *must* keep.

★ ★ ★

"They don't want one of them, really. It is just the hoarding instinct.

"There are people in my street—the street I am responsible for—who are keeping some thousands of old cheques, going back ten years or so.

"They could safely dispense with nine out of ten of them—most of their receipts and invoices as well—if they'd use a little intelligence."

Are you one of these hoarders?

If so, weed out your books with a heavy hand. And don't save business papers when you know you won't imperil your financial position by being drastic.

★ ★ ★

Help your local authority in the newest competition—which allots £10,000 in prizes to four different districts, the whole of Scotland being one of them.

The money, in most cases, will go to local charities.

Your district will not be handicapped by its size. It is the amount collected per thousand of population that matters.

So save paper—which means saving seamen's lives.

Best of all, become a Street Salvage Steward. Your local authority will sign you up. Then you will be in a position to harness other people to the Salvage war effort.

## GUINEAS FOR READERS

*Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).*

*There is rarely an evening when he hasn't a "date." Sometimes two or three on the same evening*

# A MAN WITH A CASUAL PHILOSOPHY

*By HUMANIST*

LETTERS are continually reaching me about the old subject of flirtation. A wife wants to know what can be done to cure her husband of his habit of giving the "glad eye" to every pretty girl he sees. A man complains that his wife cannot resist making conquests wherever she goes.

A great many people seem to be born with polygamous instincts. There have been great lovers of both sexes and we have to accept the fact, even though we disapprove.

**An acquaintance of mine rather puzzles me,** *writes a reader.* **He was a traveller in the old days and was quite accustomed to making snap friendships and associations with young women.**

**But a few weeks before he joined the Forces he got married. His wife has a stronger personality than his, and he definitely takes a second place in the home. He still carries on in the old way. There is rarely an evening when he hasn't a "date." Sometimes two or three on the same evening.**

**When I tried to discuss the point with him, he argued that when the war is over he will be able to resume his married life again.**

**I cannot agree with him and have told him so. Am I right in saying that he is taking up an impossible position? Or is his casual philosophy of life the happier one?**

Since the man has married a wife who dominates him, I should imagine that the marriage will end abruptly—if and when the wife learns about his goings on!

Perhaps she never will. He may settle down to a tame existence, meekly saying "Yes, dear," to his partner, but if he feels any sense of humiliation he will seek some compensation if only to restore his self-respect. That sort of thing is constantly being met with.

Psychologists say that the man who can never settle down with one woman is suffering from a "fixation." He is unconsciously seeking for someone who will be a perfect substitute for his mother.

BUT now for a second letter:—

**A few weeks ago,** *writes another man,* **my fiancée was prosecuted for theft, and because it was her first offence she was put on probation. Since then, all our friends have ignored her in the streets, although they still speak to me.**

**On account of this she has broken off our engagement and told me to find another girl. I have assured her that her trouble has made no difference to my feelings, but she says that being tied to her might ruin my career.**

**What do you think about this problem?**

I could answer this man more definitely if he had told me a little more about himself. There is a good deal, however, in what the girl says. People do not forget an offence like stealing.

It may be—and we must give her the benefit of the doubt—that she is showing the highest kind of love that a woman can feel for a man. She puts his interests above her own happiness and deliberately sacrifices herself for him. She can only do this when she loves greatly. There is nothing possessive in that kind of affection.

ANOTHER writer — a woman reader this time — wants to know why people seem to be more rude than they were a short time ago.

**It is the same wherever I go,** *she says.* **Shopkeepers who used to be so good-natured and polite regard you as a positive nuisance. People waiting in queues try to get attention out of turn, and behave as if they are not properly civilised.**

**Bus drivers sometimes ignore a signal to stop, and the conductors are irritable when they have to give change.**

**I really think something should be said to check the habit before it becomes deep-rooted.**

I must admit I have noticed a slight increase in incivility, but I put it down to the strain of war time. Life is more difficult for everybody.

"Take it or leave it—I am indifferent either way," expresses an attitude in many shops where the demand is greater than the supply.

Things will alter after the war, as they did after the last. Meanwhile, we must carry on with the minimum of worrying about trifles.

## LIMITATIONS

*EVIL has strange limitations, for it has light roots like a weed, but it spreads and is darkly prolific, and holds destruction in every seed. It overruns Life's Allotment and it ruins Life's straight clean drills; it saps the strength of the sturdy plant, and new shoots of promise it kills.*

*IT is rank and makes lush disorder wherever it gains a hold, and only by strong perseverance is its wasteful progress controlled. Only by ceaseless uprooting and planting good things in its stead, can we gather the fruits of Faith's toil and stop chaos in Life's seed-bed.*

*EVIL has grim limitations, as its sowers find to their cost, for though they strive to render it lasting its power wilts, and their triumphs are lost. For the power of evil is fleeting, though its dimensions of havoc be vast, but only deep-rooted Goodness through Life's changing seasons can last.*

*EVIL has sharp limitations, its shadow falls on the hand that scatters it with cruel intent, but the time of its growth is spanned; by the soil on which it is broadcast, for earth enriched by God's Light, will be cleansed of its pall of corruption, and its sowers put to flight.* J. M.

# Home Guards

★ Continuing a series that reveals many deeds of valour performed by the men of Britain's citizen army—men who face death in training to defend their island fortress while their sons fight abroad

*By MARK PRIESTLEY*

BUTTERFINGERS! The derisive cry was part of the spell of summer-scented days in peace time England, of friendly audiences at cricket matches on the village green.

**War transforms such jests to grimmer reality.**

**Instead of cricket one sunny Saturday, grocers and farmhands were in the trenches at bombing practice when a Home Guard volunteer threw a live bomb—and muffed it!**

Death that afternoon was packed into split seconds. Smouldering, the bomb lodged between the parapet and an officer's back. Scarcely aware of the peril, the officer moved—and the bomb slipped like a bunkered golfball into the trench.

What would you do, chum?

Second-Lieut. Bill Edwards was supervising the show. Swifter than thought, he grabbed the bomb and hurled it over the top.

If he hadn't kept his head—and risked his life—half the unit might have been wiped out. Bill subsequently received the B.E.M. from the hands of the King—and would have deserved it for this high deed alone.

But, the next second, events took a fantastic turn.

As if mesmerised, the volunteer leapt from the sheltering trench and ran madly towards the fusing devil's egg.

### Race with Death

He seemed deaf to warning shouts. There was only one thing to do. In face of the imminent explosion, Bill Edwards scrambled out of the trench in turn and dashed in pursuit.

**Every step seemed one nearer eternity. A strange Sussex scene—that headlong hare-and-hounds towards death.**

**The greenhorn was almost on top of the bomb when Bill seized him and desperately dragged him to shelter. A fraction of a second later the bomb exploded in a riot of metal and flame.**

Accidents will happen!

Death was averted on this occasion, but, hand-in-hand with H.G. thrills, you sometimes can't avoid facing drastic mischances. That's why Home Guard instructors tell their recruits to be ready for anything.

Lieut. Rees Richards, a soldier of the old school, was giving his awkward squad this sage counsel one day after they'd been taught the theoretics of bomb-throwing. The time came to "try it with real stuff." A raw volunteer pulled the retaining-pin of a Mills Bomb—and the live bomb slipped out of his hand.

Nightmarishly the bomb dribbled over the ground like a football, and the fuse must have burned for three seconds or more as Rees Richards chased it.

**He had only one arm. His right arm had been left behind somewhere in Flanders. Scooping the bomb up with his left hand, Rees knew he was risking everything.**

**The gamble came off. The spitting bomb was flung clear in the nick of time.**

### Saved the Platoon

Not so with the superb courage of Lieut. Arthur Whittingstall, of the Capel Platoon, 8th (Cinque Ports) Battalion. A volunteer slipped and dropped a four-second hand grenade.

"Down men!" yelled Whittingstall.

And hoping to localise the effects of the explosion, he flung himself down *with his feet against the grenade.*

Wounded himself, as the citations say, "his courageous action saved the rest of the platoon from casualties."

Once, a Home Guardsman ran amok with his rifle and began firing indiscriminately. With bullets flying in all directions, the scene was hectic for a few seconds.

Then Teddy Evans, the chemist, dashed across the open ground—as much under fire as if he were in No-Man's-Land—and disarmed him.

Another time, in the Aberdare bomb pits, a volunteer withdrew the safety-pin to throw a grenade, and accidentally released the striker-lever.

"What shall I do?" he yelled

In charge of the throwing bay was Major Stanley Boughton, who had won his M.C. in the last war.

"Get rid of it," he ordered. "Quick! Throw it over there!"—and in his confusion the volunteer threw the grenade into the priming bay among the other H.G.s and instructors.

**"Out!" shouted Boughton, and the ticklish crisis meant every man for himself. But Boughton left nothing to chance. Jumping into the priming bay himself, he seized the grenade and threw it over the parapet in Flanders style.**

It went sky-high at once. Had it gone off in the bay six men might have been killed. Thanks to the gallantry which brought Major Boughton the O.B.E., only one was wounded—and that slightly.

### In a Mine-Working

Deeds more spectacular have been staged perhaps on vaster battlefields, but Home Guard valour begins at home.

Remember the L.D.V.s—that woolly name for the first Home Guards?

Old soldiers picked up marksmanship after twenty years' disarmament. They even had a rifle range in the vaults of the House of Lords. Soon they were experts in mines and molotovs. Now H.G.s in some areas are learning from Commandos.



# Han

*You can't avoid fac chances. That's wh instructors tell thei ready for anything. Capt. Allan Gard plaining anti-tank*

Bob Chambers is s spent many a night in silently, invisibly c moors. Between patro his rounds and helped into Yorkshire.

The H.G. boys mad in an old mine-workin proved, too, with hot in the small hours—u roof collapsed.

Behind a solid wall and packed rubble entombed.

## SWAFI

IS HITLER STILL EN

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WHY SO MUCH PO PLANNING?

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When the war is over, not on our escape from will be forgotten, but h which the promised ne into being.

# Handle Death!

*You can't avoid facing drastic mischances. That's why Home Guard instructors tell their recruits to be ready for anything. Picture shows Capt. Allan Gardener, M.C., explaining anti-tank bomb to pupils*

Bob Chambers is a doctor who has spent many a night in training—walking silently, invisibly crawling, on the moors. Between patrols he has gone on his rounds and helped bring more babies into Yorkshire.

The H.G. boys made their local H.Q. in an old mine-working. Very snug it proved, too, with hot tea always ready in the small hours—until one night the roof collapsed.

Behind a solid wall of limestone rock and packed rubble two men were entombed.

The only way down to them was through a narrow ventilating shaft scarcely eighteen inches wide. The H.G.s tried to fling down a rope, but the shaft wasn't sufficiently vertical for the rope to fall.

**Doc Chambers volunteered to go through. He had to take the chance of getting jammed halfway, and indeed the space was so narrow that before he had covered three yards his clothes had been practically ripped off his back.**

## Tottering Roofs

Halfway down, the channel narrowed so much that he had to return, after shouting down to the men that help was coming.

Meanwhile, his pals had been working feverishly in the collapsed tunnelling, and once again Doc Chambers insisted on going through. The others protested.

"No," said the Doc. "If they want medical attention, I'm the man. . . ."

It meant a crawl of yards in pitch blackness beneath the tottering roof. Its supports already broken, it threatened to crush him at any moment.

When he finally reached the working he found the two men sitting up, staring with unblinking eyes.

"What a time you've been!" they said.

The shock had knocked them silly.

Twenty minutes later, the Doc hauled them out to the light of dawn.

Then he went home, had a bath, changed—and began his customary round of his patients.

It's all in the H.G.'s day!

# SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

## IS HITLER STILL ENEMY NO. 1?

● Three schools of thought are opposed in this argument—that which says that Japan's onrush makes Hitler take second place, the "Deal with Hitler" school, and that which argues that the whole world is one battle-front.

While, for natural reasons, Australasians and those responsible for our defence of India are first concerned with Japan, the fact remains that Washington, London and Moscow all agree that ultimate victory depends on smashing Hitler.

Once Hitler is smashed, the whole weight of allied air-power and naval strength would be free to deal with a Japan which, when overwhelming air supremacy is at last established, could be bombed into surrender.

## WHY SO MUCH POST-WAR PLANNING?

● "It now seems a virtue to count our chickens before they are hatched," comments a reader on the talk of post-war planning.

What would he say though if, at the end of the war, there were as many as 5,000,000 soldiers all demanding instant demobilisation, and there was no work for them to do?

What would he say if, in order to erect the 500,000 new houses that we need, all the builders started building on their own, as they did last time, murdering the countryside, putting up new ugliness?

What would he say if thousands of evacuated families started returning to homes that were bombed and useless?

When the war is over, it will be judged, not on our escape from bondage, which will be forgotten, but by the extent to which the promised new world comes into being.

## COULD YOUTH HELP MORE?

● "Although I heard many sneers," says a reader, "about the Nazi decree that school children must work on the land, surely we might make much more use of our own youngsters in helping on the farms."

The criticism might be more general.

The truth is that, so far, we have failed to use not only youths but men and women to the fullest extent. Even now, we do not seem to have a definite policy as to how our brains and our skill can be used.

In recent days, children have been released for half-time farm work.

But not even yet is there any scientific plan by which skilled men, instead of being called up for the Army, are put into, or kept in, civil employment for work equally essential to victory.

Man-power, woman-power and child-power is still all a muddle.

## IS "BAEDEKER BOMBING" BLUFF?

● Yes, in a sense it is bluff, bluff not for us but for the German people.

By choosing Baedeker targets, Hitler is trying to make the Germans think that they are the kind of targets we are bombing over there.

There is another point. As the German bomber-force across the Channel is, just now, very weak, it chooses for its raids English towns which are not so heavily defended by ack-ack as ports and military targets.

Unfortunately for the Germans, this hasn't worked. Their losses have been as big as before.

Meanwhile, although we have been unable to avoid destroying mediæval buildings in Lubeck, Rostock and Augsburg, our superior skill in the air has enabled us, so far as we know, to do great damage to Cologne railway station without harming the beautiful cathedral close by.

# VOICE OF THE TROOPS

**★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

*"OUR troops were in contact with the enemy."*

*That sentence, with nothing added to explain it, often appears in official messages from Libya.*

*No battle apparently. Just "all quiet on the front" as communiqués used to say in the last war.*

*Yet how thrilling these "contacts" can be is shown in a letter received by Mrs. E. H. Insley, of Red Lane, Stoke Heath, Coventry, from her soldier husband with the Middle East Forces, Driver Evan Insley, R.A.S.C.*

We were carrying supplies to a forward area, got there in the afternoon, and just managed to unload before dark.

We pulled out and travelled about a mile to stay the night.

Artillery fire was going on—and there were fires burning ahead of us. And fires are not permitted after dark.

As we were standing about, an ambulance drove up, and the driver told us to "get to hell out of it" as "Jerry" had broken through.

Our officer called us together and quietly gave us our positions and our instructions in case the balloon went up.

Then a waggon-load of Colonial troops came up. They had been fighting all night, were done in, and we gave them food.

"Fire at the slots of the tanks," said our officer. And we had nothing but rifles.

Then, when the Colonials had been with us half an hour, we saw a long column coming towards us. We thought they were ours, and were counting the tanks.

They were a quarter of a mile away when we saw they were not ours, and our officer told us to get our vehicles and line up.

"Jerry" opened with everything he had got—2-pounders, 6-pounders, 12-pounders. Machine-guns and Tommy-guns as well.

Our blessed tanks just managed to keep ahead of the Hun. Then I saw the bravest deed I have witnessed as yet.

I had poked my head out of the truck to see how far ahead we were. I saw the Germans just 200 yards behind.

But I also saw our officer in his little truck, with a Tommy-gun in his hand, bearing down on the German column. It was hopeless, of course. He and four men were engulfed and, luckily, taken prisoners.

But he won us an extra minute in which to escape, and we got out of it.

The five prisoners were taken back to join three hundred others—and every man jack of them, the whole three hundred odd, escaped and joined their units soon afterwards.

## BELL-TENT BLUES

*And that is "contact." But what about when there is no contact of any sort?*

*Lance-Bombardier J. E. Russell describes that in a letter from the Middle East to his friend, Miss Maureen Reid, Sicey Avenue, Firth Park, Sheffield:*

I comb my hair and change my shirt to write this letter. It is the nearest I have had to a date for so long.

I bend to the solitary hurricane lamp. With most of its light blotted out by sticking plaster, it is all the seven of us in our tent have to see by.

One lad tries to make cocoa. Another groans out the song "Are you lonesome to-night?" Sometimes somebody laughs for no reason, or somebody else lets out a stream of words that the toughest censor wouldn't pass.

It is just somebody relieving his feelings about the desert—or Hitler.

Cockney, Yorkshire, Merseyside, Scotch, Irish—they are all spoken here.

Now somebody's climbing the tent-pole. And now Joe has decided to cut his toe-nails. It's all very well, but he has to put each toe three inches from my pen to get his share of light. . . .

## A "ROYAL DOZEN"

*Previous letters to "Voice of the Troops" have told how natives meet our troopships at various ports and try to sell fruit.*

*And now Sergt. Arthur Lobb (writing to his friend, A. Jarman, Oakworth Road, Keighley) gives others who might be going East details of an interesting conversation—and a hint:*

British Tommy (to native who is sending up to the deck, from a small boat beneath, a basket containing twelve oranges for a shilling): "Hey, Charlie, put another in for luck."

Native: "No, Sahib. Twelve oranges for one shilling."

Soldier (after a few more refusals): "I tell you what, then. Put one in for the King Charlie."

Native: "O.K. Here it is. God Save the King."

Soldier: "And you're not forgetting the Queen, Charlie?"

Native: "One more, then. And God Save the Queen, Sahib."

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

IT is generally forgotten that in the last war cafés, restaurants and hotels had to ration meals at not more than 1s. 6d. a head. And we didn't talk about a "New World with No Inequalities" then!—John Hulme, Croston Street, Bolton.

★ ★ ★

Girls seeking to join Land Army were asked whether they attended a secondary school. How many of our best farm workers ever did? And do the cattle "cut them dead" because they didn't?—S. N., Hoddesdon, Herts.

★ ★ ★

My friend, offering the Admiralty the use of his motor-boat *free* for the duration, was hurt when his offer was declined—even more so when a friend sold the Navy a similar-sized boat, but in worse condition, for £700.—R. M., Leith.

★ ★ ★

Crippled, I wear a surgical boot so expensive that I can't afford two of them. Because boot repairers will not give priorities, I have had to take two days off from an important war job while the boot is repaired.—Mr. A. B., Canonbury, London, N.1.

★ ★ ★

The war kills off the little shops—yet every week new commercial companies are floated with capital of £100 or so. Why? And can't the people who treat wartime as a time for speculation be found some more useful work?—Miss B. M., King Richard's Road, Leicester.

KEEPS WAR WORKERS "FIGHTING FIT."

War workers—try Weetabix! Have it at breakfast, take it to the factory or workshop, eat some, *some time*, every day. You'll find it delicious and—vitally more important—wonderfully sustaining. Weetabix is wheat, the whole of the wheat, with all its valuable mineral salts and vitamins intact. This makes Weetabix so nourishing, so energising, and will make you so much better able to do your war job.

**Weetabix**
*More than a breakfast food*
Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. W.X.2.

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1D

# THE LAST LAUGH

T. P. (Southampton).—"I strongly object to the custom by virtue of which the sweep retains the soot he removes from your chimney and generally sells it to a nurseryman." Surely there is no suggestion that the transaction has anything to do with the black market?

G. L. (Wrexham).—"There is no scope for a writer of imaginative fiction these days." Oh, we don't know. There's a paper shortage, of course, but there are a few seed catalogues about.

P. E. (Market Drayton).—"I thought twice before sending you the enclosed article." We never have believed that second thoughts were best.

M. R. (Wivelsfield).—"It is true that I ran over her cat, but she was very insulting when I offered to replace the animal." She probably doubted your ability to catch mice.

F. H. (Swannington).—"Although he says he has given up smoking, he never refuses a cigarette from my case." Perhaps he means that he has just given up buying them.

S. Y. (Mexborough).—"A man is naturally disheartened when all his efforts go by the board." The remedy is practice, patient, persistent practice. Then, with an effortless flick of the wrist, double-tops will be scored at will.

C. N. (Littlehampton).—"He is a new turn and tells funny stories, finishing his act by doing double somersaults down a flight of stairs." It seems probable that he used to be a commercial traveller.

D. I. (Sutton).—"He fainted outside a public-house and was revived with a glass of water." Bad timing. He should make himself acquainted with the local licensing hours.

B. W. (Morden).—"Renewed Italian claims that Nice and Corsica should be ceded to Italy have received no response from Germany." The Nazi attitude is the same regarding Italian claims to Rome.

R. F. (Uttoxeter).—"Lord Woolton says that bread is being wasted and if this continues it will have to be rationed." Sausages receive more than their fair share as it is.

O. H. (Bicester).—"My small son hid in the attic for several hours and I had to punish him." To make him realise that there was a better hiding place.

**BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER VISITS THE AMERICANS IN NORTHERN IRELAND**
*Some American papers have arrived in the Officers' Mess, so the week-old, solitary copy of the big English Daily can be laid aside for a bit*

## Side-Slips

THE ISLINGTON GAZETTE:—"... pathologist said that the cause of death was a fracture of the skull and laceration of the TRAIN."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO:—"Another motor-ROAD, the Bereket, with 81 Greeks on board, met a similar fate."

THE NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"... and she still takes a great interest in the hospital in Kensington, which BARS her name."

THE STAR (London):—"To-day was probably the warmest of the year, with the continued thaw producing growing seas of slushy MEN."

THE EVENING DISPATCH (Edinburgh):—"Unofficially disguising himself as a COLLIE, he mingled with a labour gang digging trenches for the Japanese."

THE SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"They had quantities of QUACK-firing guns."

**Know any 'wet' smokers?**

If so, would you mind tactfully drawing their attention to the Old Hand's hint below? You see, wet smokers waste so much tobacco in the "dottle" they knock out of each pipeful. And that is rather unfair on all the other fellows who want Four Square, because supplies of top grade leaf are so restricted by the war.

**Hint No. 6**
*If, in spite of following all the hints given in these advertisements, your pipe still smokes wet, try crumpling up a small piece of clean paper into a loose ball and putting it in the bottom of the pipe before filling.*

**FOUR SQUARE**

## THE GREATEST OF THESE

John Hickford has been invalided out of the Army, and he and his wife, who is shortly expecting her second baby, are fighting against terrible hardships. He is suffering from spinal trouble and nervous debility, and even when better will only be fit for very light work. Their child is just recovering from pneumonia, and Mrs. Hickford's health is much below normal.

Their total income is £1 14s. a week, out of which 15s. weekly goes for rent. Through their child's recent illness they are unavoidably in debt to doctor and several tradespeople. They have no relatives to whom they can apply for help. It is in the power of our readers to help this little family in their pitiful straits.

Donations earmarked "Straits," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

**Result of "BULLETS" 1,321**

**FIRST PRIZE £50**

A. G. Walton, 6, Albion Gardens, Consett, Co. Durham.
Example: THE GERMAN RATION
Bullet: PRODUCED HANDEL—REJECTING "MESSIAH."

£20: G. J. Jenkins, Ty Bryn, 5, New Rd., Skewen, Glam.
Example: Too Much Talking
Bullet: Then Sinkings Provide Topic!

£10: P. Cassidy, 31, Clyde Drive, Shotts, Lanarks.
Example: The German Ration
Bullet: United Under One Cap.

£5: G. Bond, 57, Lexton Drive, Southport.
Lost In The Blitz—Mother-in-law's Tooth, Not Tongue!

£4: F. L. Gatenby, 247, Liverpool Road, Cadishead, Nr. Manchester.
The German Nation—Promised "Elbow-room"—Crowding Shelters!

£3: C. Harding, 49, Sandy Lane, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton.
Making Whoopee—In Dunrt, *Water's* Arrived.

£2: S. R. Newnham, 269, Utting Avenue E., Liverpool.
Paradise For Brambats—In A *Military* Garden.

30s.: K. Taylor, 9, Fisher Rd., Newton Abbot, Devon.
Too Much Talking—"Advertisement" *Hindering* Our "Business."

30s.: A. R. Tennant, 71, Caledon Road, Nottingham.
Mr. Motorist—Stalled "Stood"—Using "Hoots."

30s.: T. Corbett, 9, Hatfield Grove, Dunstan, I. O. W.
The Listless Problem—Revealed "*Line*" Holding "Valorous."

30s.: E. Williams (Hall Porter), 26, Russell Sq., W.C.
Lost In The Germans—And On Thefts, Decency.

30s.: E. G. Lee, Sharnbrook House, Sharnbrook, Nr. Bedford.
One More—Him—He Move Buses!

A Ref of 99 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

## 3 BIG CHEQUES

**WON IN XWORD No. 273**

WINNING WORDS: 1. Relent. 2. Fun. 3. Adopted. 4. Crook. 5. Gong. 6. Snack. 7. Rim. 8. Rambler. 9. Fume. 10. Alter. 11. Resting. 12. Move. 13. Bubble. 14. Rented.

2260 SHARERS: A.C.S. Berkeley, Somewhere-in-Britain; W. H. Bennett, 52, Clarendon St., Aston, Birmingham; R. W. F. Grove, 98, Park Rd., Tamperley, Chea.

Towards value £20 shared between 24 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

# This Week's FOOD FACTS

Preparing packed meals is quite a job, now that so many of the things that used to go into sandwiches have vanished. But your family still expect something tasty in the dinner packet, and there's no need to disappoint them. Keep a corner of the larder for new sandwich finds and fillings and try some of the suggestions below.

## Packed-Meal Menus

### SAVOURY MEAT ROLL

*Time:* Preparation 15 minutes. Cooking 2 hours. *Ingredients:* ½ lb. sausage meat, 4 oz. stale bread, 5 oz. pinto beans, 1 teaspoonful thyme, 1 teaspoonful made mustard, pepper and salt, gravy browning. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Soak the stale bread in water until soft. Squeeze out the water and mash the bread with the sausage meat, the beans—cooked and mashed, pepper, salt, made mustard and thyme. Add gravy browning until the mixture is a rich brown. Press very firmly into a greased 2 lb. stone jam jar or tin, and steam for 2 hours. Roll in browned bread-crumbs and serve hot with brown gravy, or cold with a raw cabbage heart salad, and boiled potatoes.

*A word to the wise*

Bread musn't get mouldy now, so keep your bread bin in a dry, airy place. Wipe the bin out every day with a clean, dry cloth, and wash with soda and water once a week. Let new bread cool before putting it in the bin.

*Listen to the Kitchen Front — 8.15 every morning.*

### GOOD EATING

*How about these suggestions for new fillings?* 1. Shredded cheese and chutney or cooked beetroot. 2. Cooked mashed potato, yeast extract and chopped parsley. 3. Chopped grilled bacon and lettuce. 4. Mashed sardines, pilchards, herring or haddock, mixed with shredded, fresh carrot.

Instead of always cutting bread, make savoury scones (recipe given below).

### SAVOURY SCONES

*Time:* Preparation 10 minutes. Cooking 10 minutes. *Ingredients:* 4 oz. national flour, 4 oz. medium oatmeal, 1 oz. fat, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2 oz. shredded cheese, 'household' milk or milk and water. *Quantity:* 6-8 scones. *Method:* Mix dry ingredients, rub in fat and work enough milk or milk and water to make a really soft dough. Flatten out on floured board, cut in triangles, place on a greased sheet and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) till brown.

*Plan your points and obey the rules*
*Just as you did with your football pools:*
*You'll find yourself an up-and-upper*
*At breakfast, dinner, tea and supper!*

FOOD FACTS No. 94 THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1


## Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

**BOB MARTIN'S**
CONDITION POWDERS
**keep dogs fit**



## If your feet hurt —get CRO-PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 30 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

**CRO-PAX**

FOOT AIDS are within the reach of all, from 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists . . . and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD.
Nottingham & London

CRO-PAX No. 21

CALLOUS REMOVER & ARCH SUPPORT
Supports Metatarsal Arch and removes pressure from ball of foot.
9½D. each

C21

Six hours on the bridge: hours of constant strain: one hour's sleep, then back again! A man needs to keep his mouth fresh, and the exhilarating foam of Kolynos sees to that. And when his ship is navigated safely to port, when the deck is level and the engines are still, the Captain relies on Kolynos for the finishing touch before he goes ashore.

For white teeth and a flashing smile — follow the fleet and use KOLYNOS.


## WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere.


## CASH £325 for X-WORDS and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER and BULLETS

**ENTER HERE for X-WORDS**

**£100** First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For result of Xword No. 273, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

| CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in "entry" column. | 3d Entry-fee for 1 Col. | 3d | 3d | 3d |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 SOMETHING TELLS MOTHER WHEN HER CHILD'S DOING THIS | A C I N G | | | |
| 2 QUITE A FEW CARELESS PEDESTRIANS GIVE THEIR LIFE TO | B R A E | | | |
| 3 PRISONER OCCASIONALLY ASKS IF HE CAN HAVE THIS | A I L | | | |
| 4 MANY A RECRUIT IS CLUMSY IN USE OF ONE | M P | | | |
| 5 GENERALLY CAUSES TROOPS ON MARCH TO RALLY | B A N E R | | | |
| 6 IT'S USUALLY FOOLISH TO PUT ALL ONE'S SAVINGS INTO ONE | A F E | | | |
| 7 ARMY NEEDS SOMETIMES ACCOUNT FOR EXTENSION OF | L E A E | | | |
| 8 FLYING THROUGH THE AIR COMES NATURAL TO THESE | A E S | | | |
| 9 CYNICAL PESSIMIST EXPECTS ONE TO BE DESTRUCTIVE | A I D | | | |
| 10 VILLAGERS IN DIRE TROUBLE EXPECT VICAR TO BE | C A L E R | | | |
| 11 MANY FIND IT HARD TO SWALLOW DOCTOR'S | I L L | | | |
| 12 SOMETIMES RESPONSIBLE FOR DELAYED ACTION | B O B | | | |
| 13 GLASS MAY WELL GIVE FINISHING TOUCH TO ONE | W A L | | | |
| 14 INJURED PEDESTRIAN SHOULDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR | L I T | | | |

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK
No. ..... TUESDAY, MAY 26
Signed .....
Address .....
277

**8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6**

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

**ADDRESS ENTRY** With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

**RULES** 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

**ENTER HERE for BULLETS** **1ST PRIZE £50 CASH**

**USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"**

WHEN IN DOUBT
HELPS A LOT
THE OTHER FELLOW
CALMLY
BRITISH BULLDOG
FOR SAFETY
IN OUR FACTORIES
NAZI GERMANY
SAD STORY
PROFITS
ARMY OF TO-DAY
WEAKENING
MIGHTY CLEVER

COAL'S A MUNITION, SO
ROLL OUT THE PLANES AND
TRYING TO ESCAPE
SHOWS WE'RE GETTING ON
NOT SO BAD
GONE FOR EVER
DAD LOVES A JOKE, BUT

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WITH ALL OUR.....
IN SPITE OF.....
GAVE ... THE JITTERS
BIGGER THAN.....
GETTING A BIT .....
SOMETHING TO BE.....

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,800 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any EXAMPLE. First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, June 5. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading BULLETS in our 1,321st Contest on page 14.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

**2 FREE BULLETS** allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... Signed .....
No..... Closing Postmark 1,325 Tues., May 26
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

**ADDRESS ENTRY** "Bullets" No. 1,325 or Xword No. 777, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

# British Gold

SMOKING MIXTURE

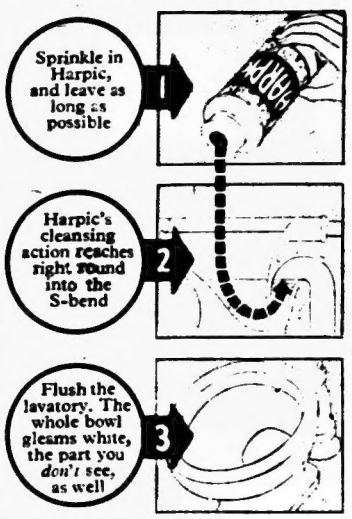
*A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf.*

*Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.*

*—for Sundays*

PER 2½ OZ.

# HARPIC
## cleans the lavatory *easily*


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you *don't* see, as well
3

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

**Nothing equals Harpic.** Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan. Get some today!

CAN I JOIN PLEASE?
TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR OUR STREET SAVINGS GROUP THIS WEEK
BEAT OUR RECORD BY 7 WHOLE CERTIFICATES LAST WEEK

## START A SAVINGS GROUP IN YOUR STREET

**Help in the fight by forming a Savings Group in your street, factory, or office. Get in touch with the Hon. Secretary of your local Savings Committee, he will give you full particulars. The Post Office has his name and address.**

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*


# IN APPRECIATION AND THANKFULNESS

FOR YOUR WONDERFUL

## YEAST-VITE

c/o G.P.O., Grimsby.
March 23rd, 1942.

Dear Sirs,—

I am writing these few lines in appreciation and thankfulness in regard to your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets, which have done me the world of good.

I was absolutely run-down and had no life in me, so I tried a couple of your wonderful tablets, and I was a new man. I will never be without them in the future, and I will give them all the credit they deserve and recommend them to all my friends. I cannot speak too highly of Yeast-Vite tablets.

(Sgd.) Private E. M.

### "Wonderful Pick-Me-Up"

Goole, Yorks,
March 6th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,—I must let you know what benefit I have derived from Yeast-Vite. For the last twelve months I have been in a very low state of health. Your tablets have proved a really wonderful pick-me-up. I got a small bottle and felt the benefit after the first few doses.

To-day I have purchased a large bottle, as I have such good faith that I feel quite sure if I can keep on with them for a time I shall be my old self again.

(Sgd.) Mrs. J. P.

*Kenilworth, March 19th, 1942.*
*Dear Sirs,*
*Having taken your Yeast-Vite tablets for Rheumatism, etc., I have found great relief from them. I have also recommended them to others. (Sgd.) M. A. G.*

### "I FELT BETTER"

Rugby,
18th March, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

After an illness lasting months I had no appetite and a general feeling of don't care what happens.

However, two children need attention, and I went to the chemist for some kind of pick-me-up. He recommended Yeast-Vite tablets, and believe me I felt better after a few doses. Now after two weeks I can face life again with a healthier, more optimistic outlook.

Consider me now as one of your regular customers. I will certainly recommend Yeast-Vite to my friends.

(Sgd.) Miss P. C.

***If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets are sold everywhere. Price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.***


GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

# IN HANDY BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

You can save the country's much needed metal by buying your Gibbs Dentifrice in the handy battledress refills. Gibbs Dentifrice cleans best, lasts longest. No mess, no waste. Popular Size Refills 7d, including tax.

7d

(Including Purchase Tax)
Prices U.K. only

## SAVE THE COUNTRY'S METAL

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1 GD 2345

## FALSE TEETH WHAT DENTISTS ADVISE

**For holding dental plates firmly in position Dentists are now recommending a new preparation. It comes in a tube and is called Dentesive. It holds longer and firmer. No powders, no sprinkling, no spilling, no waste. One application gives all-day comfort, confidence and security. Enables you to eat anything without difficulty. Eliminates all risk of embarrassment from a slipping denture when talking, or laughing. Dentesive is applied just as it comes from the tube. It is the modern professional method for correcting loose dentures. Price 7½d. and 1/3 at chemists.**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J.B.L. 228 ★ 215